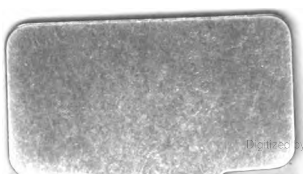




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TYBORNE:

AND

"WHO WENT THITHER IN THE DAYS OF
QUEEN ELIZABETH."

A Sketch.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF

"EASTERN HOSPITALS AND ENGLISH NURSES."

"The white-robed army of Martyrs do praise Thee."

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INTRODUCTION.

A FEW words of introduction for the following pages are required ; for the writer is anxious that their purport should not be misunderstood. This little volume is not a work of fiction ; it is simply intended as a sketch to illustrate in some sort another work comparatively little known, "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by Bishop Challoner ; and in such an attempt there was no need for invention : incidents of thrilling interest, heroic deeds, and touching episodes could be found in every page ; and the author's only desire has been to collect a few of these, and, with the addition only of fictitious names, weave the links into a chain, placing it in a form that might be attractive, at least to the young.

Bishop Challoner's work is, as we have said, little known ; it is contained in two small volumes, with close, bad printing, and written in a quaint, dry style, which jars upon our more refined and

correct English; and so, while our drawing-room tables are loaded with the bright and sparkling literature of the day, and our library shelves are filled with good stores of deeper and more absorbing studies, we have neither time nor inclination to turn to so uninviting an employment as a perusal of the "Memoirs of Missionary Priests;" no time to read the simple history, grand in its very simplicity, of how men—ay, and women also—suffered, endured and died for the love and faith of Christ.

And it has an interest nearer still, for it is no old tale of Rome or Carthage, no record of sufferings borne on the echo of far centuries. These men lived and died near our own times; they were of a long line, whose last descendants seem almost to touch us; they are the martyrs on English ground, and under English laws.

In all lands, and in various ways, men have laid down their lives for JESU'S sake, and we reverence their memory. But a peculiar interest hangs over these: they bear not the grand titles of old Spain, nor the soft euphonious names of Italy. They did not struggle with the infidel in the far-off East, nor stand at the stake in the forests of the New World. They are *our own*; they have our own Saxon names; they came from our own green villages and quiet towns; they loved our smiling England as we do, and we

tread, day by day, the spots on which they suffered. There is hardly a town in England that cannot boast that there was shed a martyr's blood : York was deluged with it ; on the gates of Warwick might their limbs be seen ; Gloucester had their traces ; and in the Universities they left their witness ; whilst *Tyborne* was familiar with their last looks and their last words.

So fruitful a field has English history proved to the novel writer, that there is hardly an incident or a period that has not been painted. But *one* there is passed over in significant silence—the sufferings of Catholics under the Penal Laws. And this silence is the more strange because it has ever been found that the cry of religious persecution has in itself a power of drawing out the sympathy of men, and enlisting their *hearts* on the side of the oppressed, even if their *heads* did not follow. Was not this sympathy poured out on the Albigenses as “ victims of the Inquisition ? ” and how few knew the deadly tendencies of their doctrines, striking at the root of all that men hold in common as pure and holy ?—how many tales of youth borrowed their interest from the woes of the Huguenots—with how slight a knowledge of their real intentions ?—and how bright an halo did not imagination cast around the struggles of the Covenanters of Scotland—forgetting that, to the full, they equalled their

oppressors in deeds of ferocious and bigoted cruelty? Is it not, then, wonderful that when the persecutions under Mary Tudor have been written indelibly on the page of history, the long, the terrible, the patient sufferings of Catholics in the succeeding reign should remain unnoticed? And yet, if endurance and courage are worthy of admiration, it was certainly their meed. Driven from power to poverty, to prison, torture, and death, they were steadfast still. An apostate from their faith was welcomed with open arms,—honours, dignities, trust, were his instantly; nevertheless, apostates were few. A convert to that faith gave up literally “houses, and lands, and brethren,”—and converts were many.

The flimsy veil of treason which their enemies endeavoured to throw over their deeds, has been long since rent aside. The unimpeachable accuracy of Lingard, and the disclosures of the State Paper Office have proved it a calumny, and proved them no more traitors than the Apostles were in imperial Rome.

Among the men who gained celebrity in English history is there one more worthy of it than Edmund Campian? Had that man done for man what he did for God his name would have resounded to all posterity. But he sprang down from the pinnacle of fame, forsook the world, and the rich, prosperous Establishment,

and went to the lot of his Lord, sorrow and poverty, suffering and death.

“The man whom Elizabeth feared,” and yet withal so sweet, mild, and winning, that he won the hearts of all with whom he came in contact. At his word the young nobility and gentry of England were ready to rally round him, and though his sojourn in England as a priest had been so short, yet when the foul calumny went forth that Campian had confessed upon the rack, the heart of Catholic England was moved, for there was scarcely a household among those who kept the faith whose friend and counsellor he was not. And yet men such as these are forgotten, ignored, as if they held no place in the history of their day.

Surely, then, very dear to *us* ought to be the memory of these saints and martyrs. They laboured, and we are entered into their labours. Had they not persevered, had they not suffered, would not the candlestick have been utterly removed from England, and we left to struggle in the Babel of confusing and contradictory religions, weary and sick with the continual cry of Lo, here is Christ, and, lo, He is there; and without the calm witness of the Church, unchangeable even as her God?

At Tyborne were sown the seeds of the fresh life which has sprung up and blossomed, and borne

much fruit. And as we tread the earth with a light free step, and participate joyfully in all the glorious functions of Holy Church, we should think tenderly of those who worshipped in fear and in secret.

But to some among us it may bring other thoughts. Truly the rack and the gallows have gone, but persecution is not dead; it lingers yet under another form. Social persecution still reigns in England. The name of Catholic is yet hated and despised, and they who wear it wear also a mark of their Master's scorn.

Genius and industry, and the gifts of nature and education—upon them all liberal England casts a shade, if their possessors be Catholic. And more yet : there are many among us to whom the mother kiss of sweetness is denied, and who miss their father's smile; many to whom kinsmen and friends give no longer a welcome; and many who, in gaining Christ, give up at once the blessing of a *home*, and go forth to battle with the rough world alone, lifting up their eyes to the city which is to come. There is bitterer sorrow still: they who are as *one* are parted asunder; and there are mothers in these days who have the martyr's heart, for they part with their very life-blood in giving up their children, in hearing taught by a stranger's lips those truths that are never learnt so sweetly as from a mother's accents.

Let all of these, then, take fresh comfort and abundant strength, with the knowledge that they have but entered the ranks of a great army, that has held the same ground manfully these long three centuries.

They fought and they conquered ; England was wet with their tears and with their blood. When the Cross presses on us, shall we not often say,—

Martyrs and Confessors under the Penal Laws,

Orate pro nobis.

PART THE FIRST.

TYBORNE.

CHAPTER I.

“Roi je ne suis,
Prince, ni comte aussi,
Je suis le Sire de Coucy.”

MOTTO OF THE COUCY FAMILY.

It was a sunny morning in May, a pleasant breeze danced among the leaves of the trees in the long avenue, and gambolled among the flowers, while the sunshine tried its best to enliven the gloomy gray aspect of De Lisle Castle. It did not succeed there though. Not only was the place stern and forbidding in its warlike aspect of high walls, and wide moat, and “grim portcullis,” but the ivy that clung to parts of the walls, and the long grass that grew in the court-yard, bore evidence of neglect and decay. As one approached nearer one might see the moat was dry, and entering within the walls there were still further proofs that the glory of the house of De Lisle was dim if not departed. The stables were almost empty; not an armed warder was visible; the attendants were few, and generally old, evidently

faithful servants, who had clung to the fortunes of a fallen house.

The ascent to Castle de Lisle was long and toilsome, for it had been built on one of the highest points, so that from its towers the surrounding country lay stretched out as in a map, and it was a fair scene: woods of rich foliage, a noble river, which wound its way calmly along till it reached the sea, that sparkled like silver in the distance, hill and dale, lay before the spectator's eye, and far farther than he could reach they were all the rich possessions of the Barons de Lisle. They had held the castle since the time of the first William, and their estates had often been added to by grateful sovereigns, for each De Lisle in his generation had been a faithful and loyal subject. They were a noble line, not only in long descent, but in knightly deeds. 'No stain of cowardice or of treachery, of avarice or baseness, had soiled their escutcheon. *Sans peur et sans reproche*, might have been also their motto.

In the great hall you might see the helmet and sword of the baron who fought by the side of Godfrey of Bouillon, and of him who followed Richard of the Lion-heart, and in the family chronicles you might hear of him who sat at Runnymede, and lent his voice to force a craven monarch to grant the rights of his people. And wherefore, then, this sad change? Has the line of

De Lisle, like so many noble families of late times, failed in their heirs male, that their princely possessions are left desolate? Not so, no riches with curses clinging to them, had soiled the hands of De Lisle. No ruined abbeys had been added to their possessions. No cries of consecrated spouses of Christ driven from their cloister, shall meet them at the judgment-seat. But Edward Baron de Lisle had died a glorious death. He had steadfastly resisted the laws by which he would have been compelled to forswear his religion. He was, with many other Catholic gentlemen, thrown into prison; for his high rank and station made the magistrates determined to set an example. While in prison Lord de Lisle was attacked by one of the fevers which perpetually haunted the place; he died after a few days' illness, away from his wife and children, and without priestly consolations. Prison attendants closed his eyes, and arranged the shroud around the gallant form. It was a hard fate for him, in the prime of manhood, but he murmured not. "Mourn not for me, sweet wife," he wrote; "I die in a braver quarrel than did my fathers, I die for the faith of Christ. Sweet Jesu keep you, my fair wife; in Him I trust, to Him I confide my soul."

Alice Baroness de Lisle gazed on her two children in dismay. Her Walter, now Baron de Lisle, twelve years old, her Isabel two years

younger. How should she bring them up in the faith of their fathers? For Walter she saw but one course: he must go abroad to the college at Rheims, and there receive his education. Alice hastened to put her plan into execution, and scarcely had she done so, when she learnt that instead of an act of attainder being passed upon the title and estates of De Lisle, the former was untouched; the latter, with the persons of the baroness and her children, left in the guardianship of the Earl of Beauville, a distant kinsman. Then Alice heartily rejoiced at what she had done, for she knew well the earl would not have left a stone unturned to pervert Walter's faith.

This lessening of punishment upon the family of De Lisle was not to be attributed to clemency on the part of the queen. The Earl of Beauville and the Baron de Lisle had been close friends in early youth, and though in manhood Beauville's profession of the Protestant religion had tended to estrange them, yet the bond of affection between them was very strong, and on hearing of his friend's death, Beauville was struck to the heart. He was high in the queen's councils, a man of talents and astuteness, whose value Elizabeth well knew, and by his intercession the bill of attainder was averted, and a chance given to the son to redeem the favour his father had lost. Another grace Beauville procured was to

remove the body of the late baron to his own castle, where it was interred in the crypt beneath the chapel. His displeasure at discovering Walter's flight was very great, and he made frequent endeavours to induce Alice to recall him, but in vain. Shortly before our story opens his persuasions had assumed a more urgent form, from the fact that a new order concerning children educated in foreign colleges had been issued by the Privy Council. But no threat of penalty could move Alice from her purpose, and to his indignant letters she returned the same answer. Lord Beauville knew the jealous character of the queen too well to lavish favours on the baroness, and therefore all he had dared to do for her since her widowhood, had been to allow her a moderate maintenance, and to permit her with her daughter to remain in the castle, with a few attendants. All appearance of state was to be carefully avoided, and thus the building gradually assumed the appearance of decay we have described. Still as the servants who had remained were old and faithful, the family had enjoyed religious freedom compared with that of other Catholics in those sad times.

On the May morning we have described, on the broad terrace which ran on the south side of the castle, walked two maidens, both apparently about the age of seventeen. One was tall and slender, and her Norman cast of countenance,

with her brilliant dark eyes and raven hair, spoke her at once a daughter of De Lisle. The other, who was shorter, had evidently more Saxon blood. Her tresses were of chestnut colour, and her merry eyes of blue, and though inferior to her cousin Isabel in beauty, Mary Thoresby was a most winning creature.

The two maidens continued to pace together in silence, while Mary, occasionally stooping to pick some of the flowers that grew along the side of the walk, quickly wove them into a bouquet, and then, passing one arm round Isabel's waist, she held up the flowers to her face with a smile full of tender sympathy. Isabel smiled too, but said :—

“Thanks, dear Mary; oh, how I forget myself. How dull this visit must be to you. All the long journey you have taken to come and see us, and then to give you such cold cheer, is too bad.”

“Darling Isabel, do not talk in this way. If I could only be some comfort to you!”

“How do you think my mother looks?” said Isabel, in an anxious tone; “tell me the truth, Mary.”

“She looks very ill, Isabel,” answered Mary earnestly; “she is so thin and worn; but there is no actual disease, Rachel says; and so, may we not hope for better things?”

“No disease, save a broken heart,” answered

Isabel. "It is not often people recover from that, I fear." And the tears filled her eyes.

They had reached the end of the terrace, and as they turned again to pursue their walk they perceived an old serving-man coming towards them. He carried in his hand a letter, and, bowing respectfully before his young mistress, gave it to her.

"A messenger from the Earl of Beauville, Mistress Isabel," said the man; "he is the first courier, he saith, others will shortly follow, and the earl and his train will be here by sundown."

Isabel took the letter. "Then, Roger, you must make what preparation is possible."

But when the man disappeared, Mary was alarmed at the look of anguish which appeared on Isabel's face.

"He comes to torment her again," she cried; "to wear out her precious life in this vain strife; he will kill her, I know he will."

"It is most cruel and inhuman," returned Mary weeping.

"I must go and prepare her for it," said Isabel hastily; "and you, dear Mary, will you tell the servants Lord Beauville is coming? Imagine what we are to do for provisions!"

"I will go and consult with good old Bridget," said Mary cheerfully.

"Don't trouble your head about that, dearest;

we will provide better food and lodgings than our guests deserve."

They had been walking towards the castle while they spoke, and had now reached it. Mary, turning to the left, tripped away towards the kitchen and buttery; while Isabel, with a slower step, began to ascend the broad staircase.

A wide gallery ran round the great hall, from whence doors opened. These doors did not all admit into apartments; some led to narrow passages, which wound their way to different parts of the house. But the door which Isabel opened was that of an anteroom to one of the principal chambers. At the end of the anteroom a thick curtain of arras formed the entrance to the apartment beyond; the floor was strewn with rushes, and Isabel gathered up her long garments, that there should be no rustle, and advanced softly towards the inner room. She pushed aside the curtain and looked in. The room was spacious, and not ill-furnished, though an air of poverty hung about it. A cumbersome bedstead, with heavy curtains of faded crimson, stood in one corner. There were three windows, but all were shaded by curtains of the same hue. A couch was near one of these windows, and on it lay a lady asleep; while near her, on a low stool, sat an attendant, of middle age, who looked round as Isabel entered, and laid her finger on her lips.

Isabel stood still, and gazed on her mother with a beating heart.

Still on that countenance might be traced the loveliness of Alice Thoresby, fairest of the noble damsels that had graced Queen Mary's court; though time and sorrow and sickness had done their work, and sharpened the chiselled features, and saddened the soft bright eyes, and silvered the fair locks, and robbed the bloom from cheek and lip, yet still upon that face there dwelt a look of unutterable sweetness,—a light not of earth shed there its gleams. Presently, gently sighing, she awoke, and turned at once a loving glance on Isabel.

"Have you been on the terrace, my own child?" said Lady de Lisle. "I have slept so well and long, thank God."

"Yes, dear mother," answered Isabel, kneeling down beside her; "I have been walking with Mary, and was interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with a letter from Lord Beauville."

Lady de Lisle's face assumed an expression of pain as she took the letter from Isabel. Its contents were brief; merely that Lord Beauville, anxious to confer with Lady de Lisle on business, ventured to bespeak lodgings for a few days for himself and train, and also for a young and gallant kinsman who accompanied him.

"I fear me much," said Lady de Lisle, "he

comes to endeavour once more to break my fixed resolution to recall my son. Alas! why such scenes rending a mother's heart? Do I not yearn, with my whole soul, once more to hold him in these arms? Could anything but the knowledge that it is not God's holy will induce me to forbear?"

"And Father Gerard, dear mother?" said Isabel inquiringly.

The baroness clasped her hands.

"Selfish that I am, I had forgotten. What can be done? The time is so short; whither can he fly?" And her weak frame shook with agitation and affright.

"Mother," said Isabel, "I think he is safe; surely the earl is too honourable to betray us."

"Yes," returned Alice; "but who is to answer for his train? The reward offered for the capture of a priest is high and tempting; his life is not safe here."

"A thought has struck me," said Isabel; "let him go to Master Ford's house. Rose is here; she passed me just now in the corridor. The distance is short, and he can go as serving-man, taking care of Rose; and there he will be safe."

"Yes," answered her mother, "I think that will do; we will suggest it, at least. Go you, Isabel, and seek our good father, and beg him to come to me forthwith."

Note.—A proclamation was set forth, commanding all who had children abroad to call them home by an appointed day. This was to compel parents to Protestantize their children.—*Madden's Penal Laws.*

“If any person shall pass or go, or shall convey or send, or cause to be sent or conveyed, any child or other person into any parts beyond the seas, to the intent and purpose to enter into, or be resident or trained up in, any priory, abbey, nunnery, popish university, college, or school, or house of Jesuits, priests, or in any private popish family; and shall be there by any Jesuit, seminary, priest, friar, monk, or other popish person, instructed, persuaded, or strengthened in the popish religion, in any sort to profess the same; or shall convey or send, or cause to be conveyed or sent, any sum of money or other thing for the maintenance of any child or other person gone or sent, and trained and instructed, as is aforesaid; or under colour of any charity, benevolence, or alms, towards the relief of any priory, abbey, or nunnery, college, school, or any religious house; every person so sending, conveying, or causing to be sent and conveyed, as well any such child or other person, as any sum of money or other thing; and every person being sent beyond the seas, shall be disabled to sue or use any action, plaint, or information in course of law, or to prosecute any suit in any court of equity, or to be committed of any ward, or executor or administrator to any person, or capable of any legacy or deed of gift, or to bear any office; and shall forfeit his goods, and shall forfeit his lands during life.”—*Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.*

CHAPTER II.

“The rod they take so calm
Shall prove in heaven a martyr’s palm.”

KEBLE.

ISABEL re-entered the gallery, and opening another door, she traversed a long winding passage which led to a different part of the castle; before a small door, which a stranger would hardly perceive, she stopped and knocked gently. A voice within bade her enter, and she did so, closing the door carefully behind her. The room was small, and almost bare of furniture, and bore an appearance of being a receptacle for lumber. There was, indeed, a wooden table and a few stools; but packing-cases—some open, some closed—were about in all directions. Near the table sat an old gray-haired man, with an open and benign countenance. He wore the common travelling-dress of the day, and opposite to him was seated a woman: she was wrapped in a riding-cloak, and the hood falling back displayed the head and face of a young girl; on the entrance of Isabel she rose, and, making a low reverence, prepared to leave the room.

“Do not go, Rose,” said Isabel, “it is indeed well you are here; I was about to send for you;” and then going forward she knelt down at the old man’s feet, and, laying her clasped hands

upon his knees, said, in a tone of distress, "Father, you must fly."

Father Gerard smiled as he laid his hand on Isabel's head: "Well, my child, it is no new thing, and I am ready; but I grieve to leave your mother. Tell me what fresh danger hath befallen us."

Isabel now related the expected arrival of Lord Beauville, and she ended her tale saying, "And, father, there is no time for you to fly to any distance. We thought of Master Ford's; the tenants on our land are respected, you know, by Lord Beauville, and none of his train are likely to wander into such a retired spot; and Rose, I warrant me," she continued, turning her head towards the maiden, "will keep good watch, and then, dear father, when this visit is over, you will return to us, will you not?"

"Willingly, my child," said the priest, "you have arranged all well and kindly for me. Master Ford will, I know, gladly give me refuge, and God, and He alone, my children, will reward your charity towards me, His unworthy servant."

Neither Rose nor Isabel could answer, save by the tears that showed how dearly each prized the opportunity of ministering to his safety.

"Now," said Father Gerard, "I will to your mother's chamber; and how soon do you suppose, Rose, we ought to be going?"

"In about two hours, father, if it please you, not sooner, for it would excite suspicion along the road to see me return so speedily from the castle."

"True, Rose," said Isabel, "you have sharper wit than I, for I should have despatched you with all haste."

"In two hours, then, I will be ready," said Father Gerard ; and the little party then separated.

On leaving the room, Father Gerard carefully locked the door after him, and took away the key ; for in that little desolate room, full of dust and lumber, abode the Lord of Glory, the Redeemer of men.

Father Gerard went to the apartment of the baroness ; Isabel and Rose did not follow him, but proceeded to the right wing of the castle, where they found Mary Thoresby busily engaged in aiding and directing the servants in their preparations for the coming influx of guests. Isabel and Rose gave their assistance, but after some little time, Rachel, Lady de Lisle's maid, came to summon her young mistress to her mother's room, and "you, also, Mistress Thoresby," said Rachel, "my lady desires to see."

In the ante-room of the baroness's apartment, Father Gerard was standing.

"Isabel," said he, as the cousins approached him, "your mother is about to receive the last sacraments."

Isabel turned pale, she could not speak, but Father Gerard read what she meant, and answered,—

“There is no immediate danger that I can perceive, my child, but your mother is, as you well know, very ill, and she cannot see me depart with the uncertainty as to when she can see a priest again, without receiving all the strength given by our holy faith.”

“Oh, courage, Isabel,” said Mary, “who knows but that the holy anointing may raise her up again, as it did our aunt, Lady Clare; you remember her wonderful recovery, do you not, father?”

“Indeed I do,” answered the priest, “and many similar cases. Confide in God, my dear child,” said he to Isabel, “and now go into your mother’s room, and prepare it, while I go to bring the blessed sacrament and the holy oils.”

Isabel silently obeyed.

“How great a blessing it is, father,” said Mary, “that we have the blessed sacrament reserved.”

“Yes, indeed,” he answered, “and that we have been able to say mass daily for weeks past, for all the household are Catholics, and trustworthy.”

“Ah, father,” said Mary, sighing, “a few years back, and if you had needed to carry the Host from the chapel to the sick chamber of a Baroness de Lisle, we would have strewn flowers under your feet, and bells would have rung, and incense arisen, as you passed along.”

"Truly," he answered, "and in these evil days it is not permitted us to honour our Master by outward reverence; we must all the more be bowed in contrite inward devotion before His adorable presence, His wondrous atonement."

"What do you think of my aunt's state?" inquired Mary?

"That she is fearfully weak, and most unequal to the agitation of a harassing interview with Lord Beauville; but time is passing, I will now go to the chapel, and will soon return."

They shaded out the noonday glare with their curtains, they lit the two wax tapers, and spread the linen cloth on the simple altar; a few flowers, which Mary had hastily plucked, white roses and sweet jasmine, shed their fragrance round the spot where Jesus Christ tarried for awhile. Silent knelt the watchers round, while the holy rite went on; upon the wasted hands and feet, upon the eyes that had wept so many tears, the seal was set, given the strength of the last anointing, that raises many to life again, that carries others safe through the dark valley, and then at length, when His graces had come before He came himself in lowliest guise: Alice de Lisle received her God. Then there was a great hush in that chamber, and they knelt and prayed on as only the agonising, and the persecuted, and the dying can pray. At length Father Gerard rose; he laid his

hand on Lady de Lisle's head, she opened her eyes, and they beamed with light.

"Yes, father, I can part with you *now*."

He bent over her with an earnest look: "Do not forget me," he said; and then blessing her, he quitted the room. Soon afterwards, Rose Ford, seated on horseback behind a serving-man, was making all speed to her father's house, some six miles distant.

Mary and Isabel resumed their occupations in the household arrangements. Rachel sat watching her mistress, who lay perfectly still upon her couch. All fears and forebodings seemed to have passed away; upon her face was written a perfect peace. Rachel had occasion to come to Isabel for an instant, and she took advantage of it to whisper to her young mistress, "Surely it will raise her up again. We shall see her walk among us once more;" and though Isabel shook her head mournfully, still her heart echoed the same language: "To have her well again, surely then, I could bear all," said Isabel to herself.

It was a glorious sunset that evening, and the sky was lit up with a deep red glow, and bright colours played on the floor of the old hall, when Isabel and Mary descended thither to receive Lord Beauville, who was at that moment dismounting in the courtyard. The two cousins formed a fair picture. Isabel's luxuriant black hair was gathered

from her brow, and half hidden by her coif of muslin and lace, but the small ruffle did not hide altogether her white throat. Mary's face beamed with light and cheerfulness, while on Isabel's was written care and sadness, which did not, however, diminish her beauty.

The Earl entered the hall. He was a finely-formed and handsome man, generally considered stern-looking; but when, as at this moment, he smiled, every feature so entirely relaxed that one could but suppose the former expression more well-assumed and familiar than natural. Lord Beauville was leaning on the arm of his young kinsman, who was apparently about twenty years of age; he wore, as did also the Earl, a riding-cloak, and a low Spanish hat shaded his face. He did not follow Lord Beauville's example of uncovering as they drew near the ladies. Isabel's quick eye denoted this, and she was as quickly offended at the slight, but Lord Beauville was now saluting her, and she had also to present to him mistress Thoresby, whom the Earl was delighted to see, he said,—he remembered her as a child; and while these compliments were passing, the eyes of the young stranger were fixed on Isabel, with so intense a gaze, as to embarrass her, and increase the offence she had taken. With the lofty air she could so well assume, she said,—

“My lord, you will doubtless be glad to rest after your day’s riding. Supper is preparing, and my cousin and myself will do ourselves the honour of supping with your lordship.”

“Thanks, fair lady,” said Beauville, raising her hand to his lips; “but, first, I have a boon to crave, that we retire into a more private room for a short space, for I have matters to confer upon with you at once.”

Isabel of course could not refuse, and led the way into the first room leading from the hall. Great was her astonishment, when she saw the Earl still followed by the stranger. She grew crimson with indignation.

“Let me present my young kinsman to you, fair Isabel,” said Lord Beauville.

Isabel bent haughtily; the young man lifted his hat from his brow at last,—why did he gaze at her in that strange, agitated manner? why the look of intelligence on the Earl’s face?—the light broke in upon her.

“Is it possible? Oh do not deceive me!” she cried; but in that instant Walter de Lisle clasped her in his arms, and Isabel wept upon her brother’s breast.

CHAPTER III.

“And when the morn came chill and sad,
And dim with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed ; she had
Another morn than ours.”—HOOD.

“BRING him to me, Isabel ; my boy, my own,” murmured Alice de Lisle, roused from her calm rest to hear the news her daughter brought.

Isabel called Walter from the anteroom ; and in an instant he was kneeling by his mother’s couch, and laying his head on her bosom. While she twined her arms around him, Isabel and Rachel left the room ; mother and son were alone. For some minutes neither could speak.

“My Walter, my own boy ! do I really hold you once more in my arms ? It is eight long years since I parted from you, and I have scarce heard from you since. You have not forgotten me, Walter——”

“*Forgotten* you, mother !” he answered ; “you have been in my heart by day and by night. Oh, how I have longed to see your face again ; and truly, though I chafed at the manner of my coming hither, when I learnt ’twas to see *you* again, my anger vanished.”

“How was it accomplished, Walter ?” said his mother.

"It was my fault first, mother," said Walter, colouring; "for I was out of the college grounds, and in returning I lost my way, when a stranger accosted me and spoke in English, expressed great sympathy with the college, and asked many questions about it."

"And you answered them?"

"Oh, no, mother; we are strictly forbidden to do so, and I was not going to be disobedient *twice* in one day; but the stranger, stopping at a house in the outskirts of the town, asked me to wait a moment for him, and then he would accompany me back to the college. While I stood waiting, two men came behind me and threw a cloak over my head and face, and bound my hands and feet, and bore me into the house. At night I was bound and gagged, put on horseback, and not till we were far out of Rheims would they release me, and then not till I had given my parole not to attempt to escape. From that moment I was treated with the utmost kindness and respect; we made all speed to the coast, and had a favourable voyage. On reaching London, I was taken to Lord Beauville's house; and he frankly acknowledged the plot was his, but formed in kindness to both you and myself; and next day we commenced our journey hither. As I journeyed through France, mother, I had plenty of time to reflect on my conduct, and to see there was

good reason for the strict rules against going into the town that Father Mordaunt has laid on the students, and bitterly to regret the consequences of my conduct ; but then, when I thought of seeing *you*, I fear I was not as sorry as I ought to have been."

"It was very wrong of Lord Beauville," said Alice ; "and yet I feel powerless to blame him, when he has brought me this exquisite delight of clasping you once more in my arms. Let me look at you, Walter ; art thou like thy father?"

Walter raised his head, and Alice gazed on a face of which any mother might justly have been proud. She brushed back the clustering hair from the broad fair brow ; she looked into the depths of the dark eyes, sparkling with fire and vigour ; she marked the finely-formed features, the radiant smile that lit up his face, as, bending down again after the survey, Walter kissed again and again his mother's pale cheek.

"I am selfish in keeping you here, my son," said Lady de Lisle ; "you are tired and hungry ; the household are at supper in the hall, you should join them."

"Oh no, mother, send me not away ; to stay here is food and rest to me," said he, as he drew her closer to him.

So they passed their time, while their conversation went on in low and earnest whispers.

"And you were happy at the college?" said the baroness.

"Oh yes, dearest mother; very happy. The Fathers are, as you will believe, all goodness, and my companions all very dear to me. There are in the college sons of almost every noble Catholic house in England; and it is strange, dear mother, that the sense of exile, and the persecutions endured by our kindred in England, fail to sadden us. A gayer set you would see nowhere."

"I can well believe it," answered Alice; "for even here, in the midst of persecutions, fines, and imprisonments, that surround us on all sides, our spirits rise wondrously. It is because these sorrows make us despise time, and see the emptiness of worthless glory and renown, that can change so speedily with a monarch's breath. Are there any of the Travers' family at Rheims, Walter? Amy Travers is a dear friend of mine."

"Yes, there were two Travers there, but William has returned home, and only Basil remains now. He is preparing for the priesthood."

"The priesthood for Basil! Well, indeed, I should not have dreamed that; William was grave and scholarly, Basil was ever a roysterer, and the life of the old hall."

"He is a fine fellow; and fiery now in the great cause. Why, mother," said Walter, lowering his voice into a whisper, "he would be a martyr,

if he could; the queen hath already put some priests to death for saying mass, and Basil longs thus to die. Now, mother, a De Lisle was never a coward, I could die in battle, in fair and open fight, and even if unjustly condemned, as too many have been, I could meet the death of my peers on the scaffold; but like a dog, as they slay men at Tyborne—ah, mother, the very thought makes me turn cold!”

Alice’s pale cheek grew paler still. “God save thee from such a fate, my boy!” murmured she; “but yet honour beyond all praise those who are called to it; for surely to Him who died between two thieves, the very disgrace and obloquy you shudder at makes them dear in His eyes. But,” continued she, rousing herself, “I will not have such sad talk the first evening to greet you with, my boy. Methinks I hear Isabel’s steps in the anteroom. Will you go and see if she is there?” But as she spoke, Isabel and Mary entered together.

“Supper is over then?” inquired the baroness.

“Oh, yes, dear aunt, I am thankful to say it is,” answered Mary; “it is a blessing to get rid of that terrible Earl for a while.”

“Has he frightened you, Mary?” said the baroness, smiling.

“Aunt, he is just like a hawk; sometimes he looks through you as if he longed to put you on the rack, and then”—and Mary began to mimic

his gestures—"he is so soft, pays such gentle compliments, oh, I did so long to say, 'Out with thee hypocrite'!"

Isabel and Walter were both convulsed with laughing at Mary's ready mimicry.

"Poor Beauville!" said Alice, sighing, "he was a different being a few years since, open as the day, generous and noble; grievous has been the change. He follows now a shadow which will lead him to destruction. I must now, I suppose, prepare to see him."

"Not to-night, dearest mother," said Isabel, in an alarmed tone; "when I was about to call even Walter away, for you look so flushed and weary, and have endured so much to-day."

"But has he not asked to see me?" said the baroness.

"Yes, truly, mother he did; but I told him you were too ill; and he would have lorded it over me, and said that he must see you—but," and Isabel's colour rose, "he is not the master over all the castle."

Alice looked sadly at Isabel.

"Alas my child," she said, "I ever sorrow when I hear you speak thus, and this matter brooks no delay. Go you, Walter, and beg Lord Beauville to visit me here: when he comes, I would be alone with him; but do you, dear children, remain within call."

"You are ill, indeed, Alice," said the Earl, as he took the thin hand and gazed on the wasted form and features of the baroness, with evident emotion.

"Yes, Philip," said she sweetly; "it is an illness that has no cure; and were it not for my children, I could rejoice it were so. But sit beside me now, for I have to thank you for a great delight, and yet to chide you sorely for giving it to me."

"I have been more merciful to you, Alice, than you would have been to yourself and your children. Had I not brought Walter home, the estates would have been confiscated, and a bill of attainder passed against your house; indeed, you are mistaken if you deem the queen means not to put her decrees into execution."

"I have no such hope," answered Lady de Lisle; "but you know well, my lord, that I count the lands and honours of my son as light in the balance with his honour towards his God. It is a cruel trial of faith and patience at his years that you have now exposed him to,—a trial I would fain have spared him,—and bade my pining heart, that craved so for his presence, be still and endure the pain."

"At his years?" repeated the Earl.

"Walter is twenty; and at twenty," replied Alice, "he is to be kept back from the companion-

ship of the youths of his own age, excluded from the court and university, deprived of all the aims to which it is but natural youthful ambition should aspire."

"Tush!" answered the Earl, "why exclude him from the *court*, at least. He hath studied enough by this time; now let him win his way; and, with his grace and bearing, I warrant you, Walter, Baron de Lisle, will, papist though he be, ruffle it with the best among us. Elizabeth Tudor has her woman's weakness about her, and the face of yonder boy will please her fancy marvellously well."

"Rather would I see him laid in his grave, in all his beauty and innocence," said Alice, "than send him to meet the corruption of Elizabeth's court. No, Philip; thither, with my consent, he shall never go."

"Now this is too much," said Beauville, starting to his feet. "Wilt keep the lad here till he moulder into dust, or make him a shaven priest perchance? God forefend! but by virtue of my office as guardian, I have power, and I say he shall go thither."

There was no answer; but as Beauville perceived the deadly paleness that overspread the face of the baroness, his anger fled.

"Nay, Alice," said he, sitting down again; "why dost thou anger me thus? Thou knowest I would not harm the boy."

"It is useless to argue," said she faintly; "I know you have power; and if my words, my supplications,—if the memory of our early years, of my husband, your true and faithful friend,—can move you not, I have no other weapons to turn against you but my prayers."

"Well, well," said the Earl soothingly, "let the matter rest awhile; we will talk more calmly anon. I was to blame for speaking thus roughly; but this religion of yours, Alice, does send you distraught, I verily think. I will leave you now, and to-morrow we will confer further. Fare thee well, sweet Alice," and he raised her hand to his lips; "do not judge me harshly."

Alice raised herself into a sitting posture; she fixed her eyes upon him as she said, "Philip, life for me has nearly run out its span! I stand on the borders of eternity, and see what you cannot now behold; but that hour shall come also to you, and as you hope for mercy in that day, deal fairly with my children; be true to them, God will be true to you; lay snares for them, and that hour shall come on you as a snare!"

She sank back fainting on her pillows. Beauville called for assistance, and departed ere she woke to consciousness. When she recovered, she expressed a wish to see Walter again; but this was opposed by Isabel, who pleaded the lateness

of the hour, and begged that her mother would suffer herself to be undressed, and go to bed. Lady de Lisle was too feeble to contend; she yielded, saying, half to herself, "Tell him to be strong,—tell him to be strong!" When laid in her bed, she seemed much relieved, and sank instantly to sleep. This comforted Isabel, but not Rachel, who feared it was but a token of the utter exhaustion to which her lady was reduced.

"Go you to bed, Rachel," whispered Isabel; "I will watch beside my mother to-night."

Rachel was unwilling to go; but a look from her young mistress speedily reminded her that there was no gainsaying the will of Isabel de Lisle; and Rachel went to lie down, but not to rest, for she dreaded the effects of all she had that day gone through, on the feeble frame of her lady.

The castle grew gradually quiet; steps and voices died away, and all was hushed. Midnight rang out its chimes; and the day, so full of events and of strong emotions, was past.

Isabel was used to watching; she regularly shared with Rachel the task of waiting on the baroness at night, when her illness was unusually severe. As the night wore on, she felt surprised at her mother's long-continued sleep,—so different from her usual restless starts and sudden wakings. Generally she required frequent nourishment during the night: now the wine stood untouched.

As the morning began to dawn, Isabel felt drowsy; and to shake it off, she stole to the window and looked out. The mist that precedes the sunrise veiled the landscape, but as she watched, it began to disperse; streaks of pink scattered over the sky and gathered in more brilliant hues towards the east; the first notes of the birds were heard; and soon gloriously arose the sun over the broad lands and fair woods of the De Lisles; far as her eye could reach over that wide landscape of wood and water, hill and dale, luxuriant and beautiful, spread the heritage of her fathers.

“And is it thus,” she mused, “that the heir of these lands, the lord of these possessions, has returned to his home,—to ride at the rein of a Beauville, to be marshalled by him into his own castle, to be ordered hither and thither as he lists? What indignity! Oh, if I were but a man, the blood of De Lisle in my veins, would I not set myself free from this thralldom, and reign baron in my own castle?”

A slight sound in the room startled her; in an instant she was at her mother's side. Lady de Lisle still slept, but she turned on her side, and murmured something to herself. Isabel bent her ear close to her mother's mouth; she heard breathed in half-conscious whisper,—

“*Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.*”

There was a strange sort of shadow on her mother's face; Isabel sprang to the door of the adjoining room; Rachel was awake, and in a moment was at her lady's bedside. They knelt in silence.

"She will wake," whispered Isabel; but there was no more waking to earth for Alice de Lisle: there was no agony, no death-struggle,—without a sigh she slept into death. The gray shade gathered now over that fair face, and the soul stood before its Judge.

Bright streamed the sun over wood and field; the sounds of wakening life, of earthly toil, and struggle and pleasure, were to be heard; but to Isabel's ears all sounds were dulled, save one everlasting chime that rang,—

"*Æterna fac cum sanctis tuis in gloria numerari.*"

CHAPTER IV.

"Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death ;
Life only him annoys ;
And when he taketh leave of life,
Then love begins his joys."

POEMS BY FATHER SOUTHWELL.

DEEP was the gloom that now fell over Castle de Lisle, and few have there been who were so deeply mourned as the gentle baroness. Many of the servants and tenantry remembered her arrival as a bride, or in the first glow of her short married happiness. They remembered, too, how, a few years after her marriage, when Isabel was still a child, the sun of her life had suddenly gone down, and left her alone and widowed ; they remembered how sorrows had followed quickly on that greatest one, and how meekly all had been borne, how she had lived a life of retirement, of constant prayer, of frequent alms-giving ; they had watched her stedfastness in resisting the temptations of worldly success, that would have drawn her from her faith ; they knew that her death had been caused more by the pressure of mental anguish on a delicate frame, than by actual disease ; and deep, though not loud, were the murmurs uttered by the servants and peasantry against Lord Beauville.

Isabel shed no tears for her loss. In silence and composure she performed the last sacred offices, and arrayed the wasted body in its last earthly clothing, and crossed the thin hands upon the breast, and sealed down the eyes, whose glance had been sunlight to her. She passed hours kneeling by the corpse, and gazing on the marble face, so lovely in its repose. She did not want sympathy, and she seemed to shrink from the sight of her brother, while all felt that the presence of Lord Beauville was more than she could brook; but to this trial she was not exposed. The Earl was deeply moved by the death of Alice de Lisle. His first sensation was one of horror at the part himself had had in the sudden snapping of the life of the gentle baroness, but this faded away. His heart was incrustated too thickly with worldliness, for such emotions to do more than float on the surface. He turned from sad thoughts to occupation. He began to look narrowly into the state of the De Lisle estates, so that he could put them under charge of a trusty steward of his own, as he now designed to close the castle, retaining only a few servants to keep it in safety, and to convey his wards to his own house.

It will readily be supposed that the shock to Walter had been most severe: the cup of happiness had been placed to his lips, that he might

taste all its sweetness, and then dashed away. The fond visions of his boyhood were now never to be realized. In his dreams for many years past he had pictured to himself the fair face of his mother smiling upon him. Many a secret grief and joy had been treasured up to pour forth to her. The thought of seeing again his mother and sister had been far dearer to him than that of returning to his possessions, for the strongest passion in Walter's nature was human love.

The first night spent in his castle he had gone to rest with no proud or ambitious thoughts, but with the memory of his mother's kiss and blessing lingering with him like a spell. He awoke full of bright anticipations of the hours he would spend with her, of the comfort he would be to her,—he awoke and found her dead.

The second day after the death of Lady de Lisle, Mary Thoresby went into the castle gardens. There, flung on the ground, beneath a wide-spreading elm-tree, she found Walter; his head was resting on his arm, and his whole aspect was one of the deepest despondency. Mary knelt down beside him, saying,—

“Oh! Walter, how I grieve to see you thus. Would that I could comfort you!”

“Oh! there is no comfort, Mary,” said he, wearily, “no comfort left on earth.”

“If we could only have Father Gerard here,”

sighed Mary. "I suppose it would not be safe to go to him?"

"Go to him—where is he then?" inquired Walter.

Mary told him, and proceeded to relate all the incidents of the day of his arrival. Walter was aroused and interested, and when he heard that his dear mother had partaken of all the consolations of the Church for the dying, he shed tears.

"Oh! thanks be to God, a thousand times, for that, Mary; that she died not as many do, without priest or sacrament."

"Yes, indeed," answered she; "and surely in such evil days we may rejoice that one so good, and so patient, should be taken from them. Surely her bitter trials purified her even on earth, and now she has entered into the fulness of rest and joy. Oh! Walter, we would not wish her back again on this weary earth, when now she can see His face."

"Yes, Mary," he said, in a choking voice, "I know it is selfish to have wished her to linger one more day on earth; but, oh! you cannot ever know how I have longed for her, these many years past; how it seems as if, could I only have told her all that is in my heart, I could have borne it; and then, the bitterest of all is to know I have had a hand in her death."

“Walter!”

“Well, Mary, Isabel deems it so.”

“Oh, Walter, you should not say such words!”

“How can I otherwise interpret her manner? She shrinks from the very sight of me. Besides, it is true, Mary; the agitation of seeing me, the shock of my arrival, and the harassing interview with Lord Beauville, hastened, if not caused, her death. I made Rachel acknowledge it, and I would rather know the truth. Oh! how bitterly do I now repent my rash disobedience to Father Mordaunt.”

“Isabel,” answered Mary, “is beside herself with grief, and does not know what she does. She shrinks from every one; it is her nature not to require sympathy; and surely we are always taught not to mourn over sorrows which we have not wilfully caused, but submit to God’s holy will, even when He makes us the instruments of working it out in a way we would not have chosen; and the words ever on your sweet mother’s lips were ‘*Fiat voluntas Tua.*’”

Walter hid his face in his hands, and made no reply.

“Walter, you must come and see us in Essex; if the Earl would only let you have your home with us for a while, how delightful that would be. Oh, you would like Thoresby Hall!—it is such a dear place, and has seen merry days, though now they are clouded over for a while.”

Walter roused himself to answer, "Is it as old as Castle de Lisle?"

"Oh, no; that is, not the present hall; it was rebuilt by my grandfather, Sir Hugh Thoresby. Do you remember him, Walter, for he saw you as a child? He died not more than six years since."

"No," said Walter, "I do not recollect him; and how many of you are there now, Mary? You see I have forgotten my relations while at Rheims."

"Not much chance of remembering them there," said Mary cheerfully; "well, at Thoresby you would find my father and mother, my brother Henry, and Blanche, my only sister; and she," said Mary, lowering her voice, as if she feared the rustling leaves overhead would hear the secret, "Blanche is going to be a nun."

"Indeed!" answered her cousin, "and when?"

"In another year, at furthest, I think. We must be very cautious about it, as my father does not care to bring any fresh trouble upon us owing to this step; so we must wait till Blanche can find a safe escort, who will conduct her to Paris, where she will go for a visit to my aunt, the Marquise d'Orville, and from thence she can seek a convent."

"Has she fixed on any one?"

"Yes, the one just founded. You have heard

of it, Walter, doubtless ; it is so glorious,—the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We are all glad Blanche feels called to this institute, for surely for an Englishwoman there can be no more suitable work than to make reparation for the insults our unhappy country is daily offering.”

“ Yes, indeed,” said Walter ; “ introducing the queen’s prayer-book instead of the holy sacrifice, and hunting the faithful priests who offer it into prison and to death.”

“ Hush,” said Mary suddenly, “ there is some one coming.”

In a few moments they were joined by Lord Beauville.

“ Might I crave a few minutes’ conversation with Mistress Thoresby ? ” said he, in his softest tone.

Walter departed, and Mary, with no little trepidation, found herself alone with the formidable Earl ; but the interview did not prove an alarming one. Without committing himself in so many words, Lord Beauville gave Mary to understand that if she chose to arrange the baroness’s funeral by night, and hide a priest in the house to perform the ceremony, he would engage that himself and his train should affect ignorance of the whole transaction, while their presence insured the latter against any molestation from the civil

authorities. When the Earl left her, Mary sought Isabel, but could not rouse her to the slightest effort, or to express any wish on the subject. Walter and herself made all the arrangements; and two days afterwards Rose Ford, under charge of one of her father's yeomen, came to the castle, and in the same disguise in which he had quitted it, Father Gerard re-entered the home of the De Lisles.

At midnight a little group gathered in the crypt beneath the beautiful chapel of the castle, now disused and desolate. It was deemed safer that the mourners should only be Rose and Rachel, in addition to the family. Slowly they recited the solemn office of the dead, so full of mingled awe and consolation; then the holy sacrifice was offered up; and at length they laid the corpse of Alice de Lisle by the side of the husband she had mourned so well for many long years. Walter's grief was passionate; and though for long he struggled for control, the barrier broke down at last, and he wept unrestrainedly. Mary, Rose, and Rachel mingled their tears with his, and even Father Gerard was overcome at times. Isabel alone remained unmoved; she shed no tear, uttered no sigh, not even when for ever on earth was hidden from her eyes the form she loved so fondly. When the rites were concluded, all the little party of

mourners, except Rose, were anxious to seek consolation from Father Gerard, as it was necessary he should depart at an early hour in the morning. Isabel was the last to come to him, and she did it almost unwillingly, and with such a look of stony endurance written on her face that he would gladly have seen it exchanged for passionate grief.

"Do not, my dear child," said the priest, "exercise so violent a control over your feelings; give way to a natural grief. God does not forbid us to mourn: rather, He saith, Blessed are the mourners, if with our sorrow we but adore His holy will; and He whose submission never man equalled, had with it strong crying and tears. I would fain see you weep, Isabel."

"I cannot, father," was the answer; the words seemed to choke her, and she buried her face in her hands.

Father Gerard spoke of the baroness, of her patient life and holy death, of the perfect submission of her saintly soul to the loving and eternal will of God. "I firmly believe," said he, "she is with the saints in glory."

Still Isabel was not moved; Father Gerard's face grew very sorrowful.

"Isabel," said he, almost immediately, "we must part; and it is unlikely we shall ever meet again on earth. I am an old man, and it cannot be much longer that I can serve my Master in

this world. Men seek my life : God grant, in His great mercy, that I may be suffered to lay it down for His sake. My child, over whom I have watched for so many years, listen to me for the last time : I have warned you before, Isabel, of that deadly enemy who tracks your path and lays snares for you. Beside your saintly mother's bed of sickness there was not much room for his temptations ; but the case is different now, Isabel : you are going into scenes of fearful temptation. Firm must be your hold on the anchor of the cross if you would not fall. Isabel, beware of pride."

Isabel raised her head. "My *pride* would keep me from the fall you hint at, father. Isabel de Lisle is too proud to be a renegade from the faith of her fathers and the traditions of her house."

"Pride keep you close to the faith of the lowly Son of Mary !" answered he. "Oh, never. O my child, lay aside that self-reliance, that haughty nature,—too proud to mourn, too proud to seek for aid. I would send a little child into the strife of life with more confidence than I would you."

"I thank you, father, for your trust in me. If I have hitherto been so unfaithful to the religion which none can profess without suffering, as to warrant you to speak thus with justice, I

was ignorant of it. You blame me for controlling myself; methinks I need it, and such words from you on my mother's burial night."

Isabel was burning with indignation.

"It is the night of our parting, and that for ever," rejoined the priest; and he looked up where, through the narrow window, he saw the sun rising. "Something tells me that my time draws near. We must meet once more, Isabel; but then it will be too late for priest to warn. Will you not suffer me to speak, even in chiding and truth, for the last time? I cannot speak falsely even to comfort you, Isabel, though my heart bleeds for you."

"Forgive me, father," said Isabel, bursting into tears; "forgive me for those sinful words. I know I am unworthy you should speak to me. Alas! without you how shall I live, how shall I ever struggle against temptation?" And then Isabel wept long and deeply.

The sun had now risen, and Father Gerard was warned he must not linger longer. The parting was brief, as partings with those who look not to meet again ever must be. Isabel, completely subdued, sought her chamber, as soon as Father Gerard, bestowing a fervent blessing on his children, resumed his disguise and quitted the castle with Rose.

CHAPTER V.

"She was a vision of delight,
When first she burst upon my sight."

WORDSWORTH.

LORD BEAUVILLE began to grow impatient of his long stay at Castle de Lisle, and neither Walter nor Isabel was surprised when he informed them it was his intention they should both accompany him to his house of Apswell Court, situated some thirty miles from London.

"You must remember that you are my wards, by the queen's command," said the Earl,—information which both heard in silence.

Preparations for departure began to be made : Walter was really glad ; he was weary of the gloom and painful associations of his home, and as he was not to be master, he felt it preferable to submit to the Earl elsewhere than in his ancestral castle. Father Gerard's last advice had been to submit in patience, at least for a while, and Walter strove to curb the impulses of his fiery nature. The squire of Lord Beauville, who was to hold Castle de Lisle in safety, was also charged to receive the rents. This was a serious blow to the faithful tenantry, Catholic to a man, and many resolved to give up their farms. Among these

was Master Ford; for he clearly foresaw that the number of fines which he would be liable to for non-attendance at the Protestant worship at the parish church, and from which, under the new government of the estates, he could find no protection, would soon ruin him; and he deemed it wisest to employ the little money he possessed in starting in some new occupation, whose obscurity should form his protection, and where he could sometimes enjoy the consolations of his faith; and so with his wife and family, which consisted of two sons besides his daughter Rose, he resolved to go to London. Rose knew that her father's circumstances would be greatly impoverished by the change, and she bethought herself of offering to go as serving maiden to some lady of rank, and having obtained her father's consent, she sought Isabel, to ask her advice how best to set about finding a situation. She found Mistress de Lisle sitting listlessly, as was her wont, over her embroidery, and taking not the slightest interest in the efforts of Rachel and Mary to carry away from the castle all the little articles of her own or her mother's which they imagined would be a comfort to her. When Rose told her errand, Isabel was roused; she grew indignant at the thought of the sufferings of the tenantry, and at length she bade Rose wait for her, and quitted the apartment; and great was the

astonishment of the Earl, when he heard that Mistress de Lisle craved an interview with him.

She came, she said in her stateliest manner, to make a request: could she be allowed to take with her two serving-women?

"Well, Mistress Isabel," answered the Earl, "it is an attendance beyond your rank; and I fear me our gracious queen, who hears things wondrous quickly, would mislike it."

Isabel coloured with offended pride. "It is not for assumption of higher rank that I ask it, my lord, but I can never suffer Rachel, my mother's attendant, to leave me, and I would fain take under my protection the daughter of our trusty tenant, Master Ford; it is necessary she should seek service, and for early friendship's sake (she was my playmate) I would have taken her with me also."

"Then let her go with you, by all means," said the Earl. "My sister, Lady Anne, will, I warrant me, speedily find her a service with some lady of her acquaintance, and she can be under your protection meanwhile. I would I could pleasure you further, fair Isabel."

But Isabel was in no mood for soft speeches; and without deigning to thank Lord Beauville for the part of her request granted, she withdrew.

Unlike Castle de Lisle, Apswell Court bore every mark of a wealthy owner: around it were

spread none of the hills and wooded valleys among which the former proudly stood, but the flat pasture-land bore signs of luxuriance, herds of red deer gambolled in the park, an array of noble chargers filled the stable, numerous retainers were seen in every direction. There was no doubt the sun of fortune was shining here. A large party of riders have arrived at the stately portico, and at the foot of the long flight of marble steps which lead into the grand entrance-hall,—

“Welcome to Apswell Court, fair Isabel,” said the Earl; “I will suffer no other hand than mine own to place you within its walls. “Be assured,” he continued in a lower tone, “all that can be done to supply what you have lost will be offered you.”

Isabel bent her head; her only acknowledgement of a speech she deemed an insult; and with a cold and haughty air she ascended the steps and advanced into the entrance-hall. There stood two ladies ready to receive her: Lady Anne Beauville, an elderly and formal-looking dame, advanced slowly towards her, and ere she had reached her (for Isabel stood on the threshold) the path was intercepted, and Isabel felt herself embraced and her face warmly kissed by two rosy lips; and then releasing her not from her grasp, but looking full into her countenance, Isabel

beheld a face whose witchery few could withstand; the hazel eyes laughed with glee, and in a voice of silver sweetness the owner of them said,—

“Welcome, dear Isabel; I am so glad you are come,—so very glad.”

“Lady Constance,” said Lady Anne severely, “you strangely forget yourself in your father’s hall. What must Mistress de Lisle think of you?”

Constance would have taken little heed of this remonstrance, had not the surprise and gravity written on Isabel’s face assured her her conduct was not pleasing to her guest: she quickly disengaged herself, and stood by in silence, while Lady Anne with solemnity welcomed Mistress de Lisle to her brother’s house. Isabel received the attention with equal distance, and then presented her cousin.

During this colloquy the Earl and his train withdrew; but lingering in the doorway unobserved was Walter, who was thus spectator of the whole, and marked the loving greeting and the cold repulse. Lady Anne now proposed that the guests should retire to their apartments: this was most gladly acceded to, and Lady Anne, with Isabel, quitted the hall, followed by Mary and Lady Constance: the latter lingered behind for a moment, as if uncertain whether she should come, but Mary’s sweet smile drew her to her

side. Walter watched the whole, and inwardly thanked his cousin for endeavouring to repair his sister's want of courtesy.

A suite of apartments was assigned to Isabel, furnished luxuriously, as was deemed in those days: the windows looked out into the park and the green fields in the distance beyond it; one also had a view of the courtyard, where the scene was bustling and various.

The cousins were alone, and Mary, tired with her journey, threw herself upon a couch. Isabel seemed insensible of fatigue; she paced up and down the room with impatient steps, her coif was thrown aside, and her luxuriant black hair streamed in masses upon her shoulders.

"Oh, dear Isabel, do take a little rest; I know you are very fatigued, you look so pale, and you will fall sick—indeed you will."

"There is no rest for me," said Isabel; "I am not made for prison life, Mary; oh, how I pine already for my own mountain air! how this flat place wearies me!"

"Well," said her cousin, "in that I cannot agree with you, dear cousin; it is not so flat as Essex, where I have dwelt all my life."

Isabel made no answer; but she stopped in her walk, and laying her head against the window, looked out with the wistful gaze of a caged bird.

"Isabel," began Mary, "did you ever see any one so beautiful as Constance Beauville?"

"Oh! yes; many more so," said Isabel in a quiet tone.

"Now, Isabel, surely that is impossible, for I do believe hers is the fairest form and face in all England; she is a perfect little fairy. I have heard it said that there is a look of the Queen of Scotland in her face sometimes, and that she is certainly like her."

"The Queen of Scotland is less fair than I have ever deemed her, then," said Isabel scornfully.

Mary raised herself from the couch. "Dear cousin," she said "I crave a favour from you: you know how truly I love you, suffer me to speak to you frankly and seriously."

"Willingly," answered Isabel in the same scornful tone; "what have the times come to when Mary Thoresby turns preacher!"

"Well," said Mary, with unwearied sweetness, "since I am so seldom a preacher, it is but fair you should listen to me when I do hold forth; I would say, then, Isabel, you who are so noble and generous in mind, I pray you not to let prejudice destroy your peace here. Why should you scorn Constance Beauville? her greeting this day was full of affection; how can you gain influence and win your way here save by conciliation?"

Isabel drew herself to her full height. "Mary

Thoresby, do I hear you aright?—I win my way *here!* I—a prisoner—what owe I to those who keep me here against my will? Nothing. To dwell here patiently is all you can ask of me, deprived of friends; and of the exercise of my religion. I will live in these rooms with Rachel, in as retired a way as possible. I do not want the hypocritical affection of the Beauville family, nor will I stoop to dissemble with them.”

“I do not ask you to dissemble,” returned Mary; “I know well how hard is your lot, how much you have to endure; but surely it is not right, nor wise, to reject the kindness that is offered, however much injustice may be mingled with it. And think of Walter also; he will not stand aloof as you do; and think how necessary it is that you and he should act in the same manner.”

“Walter,” burst forth Isabel indignantly, “may choose his own path, and I pray he may not repent it; but ask me not to share it. It has well nigh maddened me to see at De Lisle Castle how he would stoop to Lord Beauville’s will. Oh! would I were a man, and the Earl should see what a De Lisle should, and should not brook.”

“You wrong Walter,” answered Mary; “he has as noble a spirit as ever breathed in his race, and I am certain it is by the advice of Father Gerard he has acted.”

This name quieted Isabel ; she was silent for a moment, then said, "There is enough of this, Mary ; do not let us dispute just when we are about to part ; you have done right to speak your mind, and now no more. I will act as appears best to me." And Isabel left the room to give directions to Rachel, and was, at all events, roused by her cousin's remonstrance from her despairing mood for the time being.

Mary felt it was indeed useless to say more, and even regretted she had gone so far as she did. Her admiration for her cousin was so great that, though it did not prevent her from seeing her faults, she had great faith that her noble spirit and sense of right would in time triumph over her prejudice.

CHAPTER VI.

"But for my sister Isabel,
The mood of woman who can tell."

LORD OF THE ISLES.

"ARE you really going, Mary?" said Walter to his cousin, when he met her in the early morning of the following day in the gardens of Apswell Court.

"Yes, indeed I must, Walter; if the escort comes, as I think it will, this evening, I must bid you all farewell to-morrow."

"I think," said Walter, "that I will go forth and mislead the escort, tell them this is not Apswell Court."

"Ah!" laughed Mary, "trust the Thoresby wit for that, my Lord de Lisle."

Walter's smile passed away. "I shall miss you so, dear cousin," he said tenderly.

"Well," said Mary cheerfully, "I cannot wish that you should not miss me, for a while at least; but I trust shortly matters will look brighter, and your sojourn here become less tedious."

"Why must you go so soon, Mary?"

"My father does not wish me to stay long as Earl Beauville's guest; and, besides, he is able just at this moment to send an escort for me, which is

not always in his power, for you know we are not the rich Thoresbys now. Walter, I have set my heart on your coming to Thoresby Hall. I feel certain you are to come some day."

"Yes," said Walter, "I will come, Mary, I promise you I will; it cannot be so difficult an undertaking but that a firm will can compass it."

"I suppose you can hardly tell me yet how you like this place."

"Yes, I can, Mary," returned he, "I am very wretched; I do not see how it can be otherwise. Lord Beauville's train is thronged by young gentlemen of good birth, who hope to win their spurs, or gain advancement, from being his attendants; but to mix among them, and not to forswear the worship of God, is impossible."

Mary shuddered. "I have heard my father say that the license allowed in noble households, of those attached to the court, is fearful."

"Fearful," answered her cousin, "and loathsome; brought up as I have been, Mary, at college, among learned and holy men, it revolts me to hear the coarse and ribald talk that met my ear last night."

"And can you not avoid it in any way?"

"Yes, in one, pluming myself on my birth, I can show that I condescend not to mingle with those a step below me; but then, Mary, it will be solitude, entire and unbroken."

"Come, come Walter," said Mary, "be like a brave knight and good Christian, and fight manfully. You want not me to preach to you, after all the lore you heard at Rheims; but I heard it once said, that when God sends trials thick on us, He treats us as a general does his most trusty soldiers,—he puts them in the dangerous parts."

"You say truly, Mary," exclaimed Walter, with brightening tone and manner, "and I will fight my best and not be a coward in the battle. This is the last complaint I will make, and as you are going away, Mary, I shall have no opportunity."

"So you only desired my stay, that you might grumble to me, most noble baron;" and both the cousins laughed merrily.

In the very midst of their mirth, turning round a corner in the walk, came upon them the Lady Constance, fresh and beautiful as the roses she carried in her hand. She blushed, and curtsying with grace, almost stateliness, said "she was sorry to interrupt them," and would have passed on, but Mary prevented her.

"I depart to-morrow, Lady Constance," said she, pleasantly, "and I shall feel as if I knew nothing of one who is to be my cousin's friend."

Constance was nothing loath, and the three continued their walk together, and blithely ran their tongues, as they discussed the various amuse-

ments of the day, keeping carefully away from the dangerous topics of religion or court news.

"I fear you will find Apswell Court a very dull residence," said Lady Constance to Walter, "for since my brother went abroad, and my father is so much at court, it has grown quite different from what it used to be. We had merry days when Regnier was at home."

"Viscount Regnier is your only brother, I think," said Mary.

"My half-brother," replied Constance. "We are both our mothers' only children;" and then, quickly, as if anxious to change the subject, she exclaimed, "Mistress Thoresby, I do so envy you one thing."

"What is that?" inquired Mary, with a smile.

"That sweet-looking serving-maiden of yours, I have never been able to get one I liked."

"I should be truly glad if you would have this one, then," returned Mary; and she hastened to explain that Rose did not belong to her. "I travelled without an attendant," she said, "to De Lisle Castle; and as for Rose, I believe this very day Lady Anne will be besought to find a service for her, for Rachel, the elderly one, is to attend upon my cousin."

"Then it is settled at once," said Constance eagerly. "I am so glad; will you send her to me presently, Mistress Thoresby, and I will arrange

the wage with her, and other matters, and (as soon as suits Mistress de Lisle's convenience) she can enter on her attendance? But I hear sounds that announce the dinner-hour; is it indeed ten of the clock? I thought it not so late."

Lady Constance departed. Mary gazed after her for a moment, and exclaimed, "How very lovely she is!" She turned to her cousin again, but Walter's eyes were fixed on the path Constance had taken, with so riveted a gaze as startled Mary.

"Lovely!" he said; "methinks I never saw aught so fair on earth."

Mary sighed to herself as she left him, and went towards the house, "Is this to be his trial, poor boy? It is most cruel if Lord Beauville keeps him here in inaction, with nothing to think of but that witching face."

Mary informed Isabel of the good prospect which had offered itself for Rose. To her astonishment her cousin was mightily displeased.

"I would have spoken about her myself to Lady Anne, had I been allowed the time."

"But, Isabel," said Mary, "what could Lady Anne procure for her better than to wait on Lady Constance, and to stay in the same castle with you and Rachel too?"

"Well, well," said Isabel, "it is arranged now, of course; I would not so have chosen, as I said, and there has been too much hurry."

When Rose heard what her future destination was to be, she was delighted. "Not to have to leave the house you are in, Mistress Isabel," said she, "and to wait on that lovely Lady Constance, who looks so meek and gentle, I am happy, indeed."

Isabel's face clouded over, and she expressed no opinion either of satisfaction or dissatisfaction.

When Mary took leave, Isabel melted for the moment, and held her fast in her embrace.

"Forgive me, Mary," she whispered, "I have tried your patience sorely, I know."

Mary kissed her fondly, as she assured her of her love and sympathy, and with fervent hopes that they should meet again ere long, they parted.

Walter put her on her horse.

"Farewell, dear cousin," said he, "Heaven bless you for all your goodness and comfort."

"You must come to Thoresby, Walter. Now promise me you will."

"Yes, I promise," said Walter. His last words were, "I will come to Thoresby."

Mary rode out of Apswell Court, Walter stood on the steps watching her, and Isabel from her window followed her with wistful eyes. So they parted. When and how shall they meet again?

The time passed heavily at Apswell Court, after the departure of the cheerful and peace-making

Mary. Isabel, true to her resolution, confined herself entirely to her own apartments, and only appeared at dinner and supper, and then studiously avoided joining in the merriment that generally went on. Very often she took her meals in her own rooms. Lady Anne considered her conduct insulting, and showed it by taking no further notice of her than a slight and stiff bend of her head, morning and evening, which was as stiffly responded to on Isabel's part. Constance, kept at a stately distance by Isabel, naturally grew cold in her manner, though her kind heart felt for, and made excuses for Isabel, from her loneliness, and the heavy afflictions she had gone through. Constance had never known her own mother, for she had died in giving her birth, and one of the strongest feelings of her nature was her love for the mother she had never seen; and many were the tears she shed over the beautiful but sad-looking portrait of the Lady Constance Courtenay, Countess of Beauville, which hung in the long gallery. She could the better pity Isabel, who had known the sweetness of a mother's love, and lost it for ever. Lord Beauville treated Isabel with studied indifference, and this galled her. She would rather have met with resistance, and would willingly have measured her strength of will with that of her guardian. She was never required, as she had expected, to

attend the prayers and sermons in the chapel ; neither did Master Gregory Oldcastle ever approach to entertain her with godly discourse on the errors of papacy ; in truth, the haughty bearing of Mistress de Lisle kept the chaplain in too great awe of her to make such an attempt.

It may seem strange that so proud and stubborn a character as Isabel could have grown up under the teaching of the meek and saintly Alice de Lisle ; but Isabel's strongest element was her affection—an affection apt to expend itself on one object, and with the true selfishness of all fiery passions, on an object which must be dependent upon her. Lady de Lisle was all in all to Isabel, her pleasure was hers, she lived but in her presence, and she proudly felt she was to her mother solace and counsellor, nurse and protector ; and yet Isabel's love, though it bore the aspect of the most unselfish devotion, was selfish. She could bear no other object to attract her mother's notice, or that she should lean on other aid than hers. In De Lisle Castle Isabel had ruled with undivided sway ; no one dared gainsay her will ; and Isabel, who was most noble and just in her dealings with inferiors, never gave real cause of complaint. Thus her faults grew up unchecked and unnoticed, save, indeed, by Father Gerard, but who, in his few and hurried visits to the castle,

had little opportunity to do more than warn her solemnly, and the warnings were ever received in the same way, with self-defence, broken down, at last, into violent grief, which passed away and left no trace behind; rather Isabel secretly consoled herself with thinking that Father Gerard was so severe to himself he had no mercy for others, and misjudged her harshly.

And so Isabel went on in self-deceit, deeming her present conduct fitting respect to her condition, and a protest against injustice.

After Mary's departure Walter sought his sister, and with a patience very hard for one of his impulsive nature to attain, he strove to break down the sort of barrier that had arisen between them. He thought he had succeeded. Isabel's sternness relaxed, and the love that was really in her heart for her brother began to show itself; but there was one condition, Walter must join with her in the line she took towards the Beauville family; and Walter would not. With an impulsiveness and a guilelessness which made him a boy for his years, Walter had a keen perception of right and wrong; and his training, so different from that of his sister, had taught him to submit to lawful authority, and he knew Lord Beauville had not at present exercised his authority beyond its lawful limits. He told Isabel so, and she drew

back into her stately distance, and treated him at once as joining in the league against her.

Poor Walter wandered disconsolately about, and heartily wished himself back at Rheims, with the hardest day's work he had ever performed, rather than dragging through these tedious hours at Apswell Court.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Her love to him,
Before a spark of his grew dim.”—WILLIS.

MASTER GREGORY OLDCASTLE, although he did not dare to broach the subject to Isabel, had not any fear of Walter, and was very desirous of proving to him the utter corruption and horrors of the Church of Rome. Walter did not shrink from the encounters, and indeed rather enjoyed them; and when they had taken place two or three times, there was no doubt he had reason to do so, for Lord Beauville desired Constance should be present, and hear how well Master Oldcastle could defend his cause; and so oftentimes Constance, attended by Rose Ford, sat in the garden at her work while Master Gregory and Walter recommenced the strife. Walter's whole spirit was thrown into his argument; he was well instructed in controversy, and possessed great natural clearness and eloquence. Many a peal of laughter would the discomfiture of Master Oldcastle elicit from Constance. At other times she would lean forward, her whole attention absorbed in the contest, her embroidery falling from her hands, her eyes fixed on Walter, who stood, a picture of energy and vigour, tossing back the

dark locks from his brow, his eyes radiant with light and eagerness, and his face in one glow; and she felt that from his heart flowed every word of his gallant defence of his holy faith. It was no task learnt by heart, as Master Gregory's (albeit he grew heated enough on the subject) appeared to be.

Often after these contests, Lady Constance would call on Walter to explain some point she had not understood, or to translate some Latin quotation, for the little lady was not to be numbered among the learned ladies of her day, and her awe of Isabel was sensibly increased by finding she understood both Latin and Greek. It may naturally be supposed that these conversations generally wandered from theology to lighter subjects. Constance loved to hear of Walter's college life, of his studies, his emulation there for fame, and the pleasures and frolics which he had shared with his companions; and in return, Constance related anecdotes of her childhood, great part of which had been spent within the atmosphere of the court. She knew all the men whose names were then great in the world; and she could describe many a brilliant pageant and royal progress: in such converse hours slipped away. Neither the Earl nor Lady Anne interfered in this intercourse; the latter left her niece to do as she listed in this as in all her other pursuits; while the former did all he could to

encourage it. Whenever Lady Constance rode forth, Walter was sent to the side of her palfrey ; he sat by her side at supper, he became her regular escort wherever she went ; and so the days went by of the bright summer at Apswell Court, but the time did not hang heavily now on Walter's hands : all day long he was occupied either in contriving something for her pleasure or in her society. At night his dreams were of her. Walter loved with all the vehemence of his youth and all the strength of his nature ; his life became wrapped up in her. He made an idol, and fell down and adored it. For some time he never wondered whether his love was returned. In itself it was happiness enough ; and when the longing to be loved again did come, Walter feared to speak lest he should break the spell. Was Constance unconscious of the love she had inspired ? She was court-bred ; young as she was, she had imbibed some of the poison of hollowness which, above all other courts, pervaded those of the Tudor sovereigns. She had learnt how cheaply love, and truth, and honour were held ; and for some time Constance trifled on, forgetting in the amusement of the hour the misery she might be bringing on Walter ; but there was too much that was generous and good in Constance's soul for this frivolity to last ; the nobleness of the heart that was cast at her feet

grew daily upon her, and Constance loved not with the idolatry she received; but warmly, deeply, and sincerely Constance loved.

Lord Beauville had gone to court, and their love was yet unspoken, though each knew well the other's secret, and rejoiced in the knowledge.

Isabel now withdrew entirely from the society of the Lady Beauvilles; she could not endure to see her brother tamely and blindly yielding himself a dupe to Lord Beauville's schemes, for she doubted not that the Earl allowed his daughter to give encouragement to her brother only to let him have the mortification of being refused; for to allow his only and beautiful daughter, who might ally herself to the highest houses in the kingdom, to marry the penniless and proscribed Baron de Lisle, was impossible. She dared not remonstrate with Walter, for the distance between them was too great now. She sighed over the estrangement, without being conscious she had caused it.

"It is as I foresaw," mused she: "he would not take my counsel, would not lean on me, and this is the result."

The Earl came home somewhat unexpectedly; and as he sat at supper that night he seemed disinclined for conversation, but his glance passed often from Constance to Walter and from Walter to Constance, till the former felt embarrassed. When alone that night, Walter determined the

following day he would tell his story of his love for Constance, to Lord Beauville. He was not utterly blind to the possibility of a refusal, but when he reflected on the evident encouragement the Earl had given to hopes he must have known but too likely to spring up, his courage rose. Walter was sanguine, and lovers look not beyond the present; he went to sleep, to dream of Constance.

At an early hour the following day, while Walter was deliberating what would be the best time for him to seek Lord Beauville, he was summoned to the Earl. He found him in his private cabinet, employed in writing, and surrounded with papers and letters, for he had no little charge of state affairs, nor share of the queen's confidence.

"Ah, Walter," said he, turning round so as to face him, "I desire some converse with you. Dost know thou hast been here full six months?"

Walter started. "Is it, indeed, so long?" said he, as he remembered that spring had indeed passed into summer, and summer begun to yield to autumn, and it had seemed one short day to him, who had so sighed over the loneliness and tedium of the first few weeks.

"It is too long since your mother's death," answered the Earl, "for you to be able longer to plead that excuse for retirement from court; you

must now present yourself before the queen, and endeavour to win her favour."

"But can I appear before her in my own title, my lord?"

"Most certainly you can; you have now only to come forward, and by swearing fealty to Elizabeth, you can hold both your title and estates."

"Swear fealty!" answered Walter; "if that is all that is required, I am willing and ready to make all the reasonable submission that a sovereign can require of a subject; but I had deemed far more was asked than this."

"When I say swear fealty," said the Earl, "I do not mean saying the oath with your lips, but ranging yourself among those faithful followers who abjure all that can hinder their devotion to their queen. Those who hold an Italian prince as greater than an English-born sovereign, are no true and loyal subjects."

"I understand you not, my lord. In all temporal matters I will serve Elizabeth Tudor; but I will never forswear my religion, and confess that the keys given to an apostle long ages ago are now fallen into a woman's hands."

Walter drew himself up when he spoke; he was arming himself as if for a contest with Master Gregory. The Earl fixed his keen eyes upon him.

"I had deemed differently, Walter de Lisle;

observing, as I have done, certain passages between you and the Lady Constance. Dost mean me to understand," continued he, his voice growing hoarse with anger, "that to trifle away thy time, thou hast dared to act the suitor to a daughter of mine?"

"Lord Beauville," he answered, "this very day I would have sought you to tell my tale. I love the Lady Constance with my whole heart and soul, the very earth she treads upon is dear to me."

A momentary expression of anguish passed over the Earl's face; but he answered, "I do not perceive your meaning; what proposals had you to make, if you intended to seek the hand of Lady Constance Beauville?"

Walter raised his head proudly. "My lord, a De Lisle might wed with the noblest house in Europe and bring no stain on their escutcheon. You know well the injustice of the law which deprives me of my inheritance; give me Constance for my wife, and let us seek a foreign court, where my rank will be recognized."

"I would sooner see her dead at my feet than send her an exile to a foreign court. No, Walter; there is but one path—take your place, as it is offered you, among the peers of England: an alliance with this house would not prejudice you in the eyes of Elizabeth, and, believe me, to no

man on earth would I sooner commit my child. To-night you shall see Constance, for it is but fair that you should learn whether you have won her favour. I am no tyrant; Constance shall marry the man she loves, for I know my child will love no one who is not noble, true, and fitting for her alliance. I return to court in three days, ere then I must receive your answer, for, save as the accepted suitor of my daughter, with your present feelings, Apswell Court is no fitting place for you."

Soon after Walter had quitted the apartment, the Lady Constance was summoned thither, and remained for a considerable time alone with her father. Meanwhile Walter spent the day wandering restlessly about and counting the hours ere he could see Constance. He was not cast down, lover-like, he put all his trust in Constance. "She shall marry the man she loves," rang in his ears. "If she loves me, he cannot refuse, he cannot part us;" and Walter had not much uncertainty. He believed Constance, as the type of all womanly perfection, incapable of trifling; and Walter's nature, like all true ones, was full of trust in others.

The short autumn evening was closing in, the gorgeous hues of the sunset yet floated in the sky, and on the distant horizon the moon was rising, when Walter and Constance met beneath the

shade of the trees of Apswell Court. What needs it to linger on that meeting? Then was whispered the story that, though so very old, is still ever new, as the world goes on. They loved each other, and in the first bliss of the acknowledgment the future was forgotten.

"Constance, my own," said Walter at last, "have you seen the Earl, and do you know what passed between him and me this morning?"

"Yes," she whispered, drawing closer to her lover; "he told me all, and bade me come hither this evening."

"He cannot mean the cruelty he threatened," said Walter; "he will not part us now, my Constance?"

"Dear Walter, my father is very firm; I fear me, if you will not comply with his conditions——" she hesitated.

"But, sweet Constance, he has not then told you all, you would not honour me with your love if I were a recreant to honour and faith?"

"But, Walter, listen," said Constance, sweetly, "I know the court and you do not; there are hundreds there Catholics in heart, though Protestants in outward seeming. Nay, am I not nearly that myself, for your eloquence has well nigh converted me?"

"Has it, dearest?" answered he; "then surely there is no reason why we should not cast our

fates together, and seek a land where we may worship God in peace, and wait for brighter days to dawn over this unhappy land."

"Alas!" said she, sadly, "I know my father too well, his word once passed, will not be broken. And consider, Walter, the disgrace and ruin it would bring on him. The queen would banish him at once, perhaps even worse. Oh no, Walter, it is we who must submit."

"But Constance cannot ask me to stoop to dishonour?"

"Dearest, it is not dishonour. Surely the prisoner who feigned in order to outwit his jailor, and escaped, would be fully justified, and England now is one great prison, where we dare not say or do as we list, but as pleasures the queen. Walter, you have such wild notions," continued she, looking playfully up at him, "fit only for the times of the crusades, this is what half the world does now, why should you scruple?"

"If it were lawful, my Constance, we should not see half the nobility of England exiled from the court, fined, imprisoned, and in constant suffering. Men are not so in love with all this as not gladly to escape from it, if conscience permitted. No, Constance, my beloved, do not urge me to do that which you would yourself hereafter despise me for."

Constance endeavoured to disengage herself from the close embrace in which she was held.

"It is time we part, then," said she, as haughtily as she could.

"Constance, you will not leave me in anger?"

"I have tarried too long," said she. "It is not a maiden's part to be rejected, you count a sacrifice of feeling too great to win my hand."

"Constance, have you no mercy?" said he, in a tone of anguish; "it is my honour and my faith that stand between us."

"No, no," said she, "it is not so, let me go, Walter; choose quickly between my love and happiness, and the vision of honour you conjure up. I will never disobey my father. Seek me as he bade you, or seek me not at all. We part for ever."

She was gone.

He watched the flutter of her white dress along the terrace. He saw her lean on Rose, who had been waiting at a distance. He saw her gather the flowers as she went along, and those she misliked she cast down at her feet. She stood for an instant on the steps, and the moonlight cast an unearthly radiance on her snowy robe and golden hair. She looked like some vision from fairy land, as she disappeared within the house. He followed the path her tiny feet had trodden; he picked up those scattered leaves of autumn roses, and laid them next his heart, and then he went to his own chamber, went to the struggle with himself for life or death. The breeze whistled

blithely by that cool bright evening; the round of life went on, but though mortal eyes saw them not, and mortal ears heard them not, intent upon the scene bent the gaze of heavenly intelligences, and keenly they listened to every sigh and groan that burst from that aching heart in Walter de Lisle's lonely chamber.

Differently, in truth, was that night spent by the betrothed. Constance never entertained the thought of losing her lover. She was flushed with triumph, she had performed her father's behest—resisted Walter's arguments, and she did not doubt the next day would bring him a captive to her feet, and she pictured to herself bright visions, how, the Baroness de Lisle would comport herself in the proud court of Elizabeth, how rapidly Walter would advance in favour and trust, and how, through it all, she would be the star that led him on, the best cherished of that noble heart.

The light in her eye, and the smile that sat on her lip, reassured her father that victory was secure, so that though Walter was missed from the supper-table, he did not feel anxious.

No, Walter did not sup that night, neither when the weary inhabitants of the house sought their beds did he follow the example. Constance slept soundly, smiling in her sleep.

On the ground, fighting with his anguish, lay

Walter de Lisle, close beside was the invisible tempter, busy at his work.

“But for a little time,” he whispered. “Elizabeth must ere long recognize the rights of her Catholic subjects, and queens do not live for ever. Can you not even secretly serve your party by your influence? Deceit, oh! call it not by that name, it is not that; it is understood by every body in these days, when religion has changed with each Tudor that has sat on the throne; it is only a scruple of yours thus to relinquish all the sweetness of life. What will life be without her?” And then, in glowing colours, he painted the future with Constance, and in hues that made the heart shrink back—the future without her! Walter half yielded; he began to form plans, how much he would give up, he would see Lord Beauville again, would argue it with him once more. He would show Constance his meaning more clearly. It was a fearful crisis in Walter’s life; but in the darkest hour we are not left alone, and if the tempter were on the one side, an angel, in glorious array, was on the other, strengthening, pleading, bringing back by-gone memories of innocent and happy days. The eyes of angels and saints were bent upon that lonely boy, and in the courts of heaven there went up many a prayer for him from the white-robed throng. On earth, too, in the vigil he was wont to keep, Father

Mordaunt prayed in the chapel of the college at Rheims, and impelled by a sudden memory of the boy he had loved so much, he prayed especially for Walter. Walter at last fell asleep, still lying on the ground, and he dreamt strangely and confusedly. He was back at Rheims in the old chapel: there was a figure all in white; he could not see who it was; yes, it showed his mother's face, and vanished slowly away, then again, he too was clothed in white, he was to serve Father Mordaunt's mass, but the chapel seemed to move about in a marvellous manner. The falling of some heavy weight woke him up; he awoke saying aloud, "*Ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo.*"

Note.—"But if such person or child so passing, or sent, shall after become conformable and obedient to the laws of the Church, and shall repair to church, and continue in such conformity, he shall, during such term as he shall so continue, be discharged of every such disability and incapacity."—BURN'S *Ecclesiastical Law*.

CHAPTER VIII.

“But there are some Lutheran baits, by which the devil propagates his kingdom and inveigles many in your speare. What are they? Gold, glory, delights, pleasures: contemn them. For what else are they than the scum of the earth, a hoarse air, a feast of the worms, specious dunghills? despise them. Christ is full, He will feed us; He is King who will honour us: He is rich who will endow us with all felicity.”—EDMUND CAMPIAN.

VERY early the following morning, Walter went out. He roused the slumbering porter and passed through the gates, and in a few minutes reached the high road. The sun was hardly risen, and the air was keen, and refreshed him as it blew on his aching brow and fevered cheeks. His mind was in a very tumult. Every sudden passion contended fiercely within, and the long warfare of the night seemed only to rage more wildly. Spirits good and evil still battled round him. He took no heed of surrounding objects, and was unconscious that a rough-looking peasant who had advanced towards him from the opposite quarter, had been scanning his features with the utmost interest. He started when the man spoke.

“God save your honour, may this be the way to Apswell Court?”

“It is hard by,” said Walter; “but you keep

early hours, my friend, and I doubt me whether you will find the porter willing to attend to you."

"Perhaps," answered the man, "your honour would condescend to tell me if there is a young nobleman called De Lisle tarrying at the court?"

"You speak with him," said Walter, hastily, forgetting in his surprise the caution of the times.

The peasant bowed, and taking a letter from his vest presented it to Walter.

The handwriting which was a female one, was unknown to him, he eagerly opened it and turned to the signature; it was from Amy Travers—his mother's dear and early friend. "I cannot bring myself to believe," she wrote, "that so many letters of mine addressed to you, could remain unanswered if they have reached you, and I therefore despatch this by a trusty messenger, who will deliver it into the hands of none save yourself.

"We are at Morris House, not seven miles distant, and greatly do I desire to see you, for the child of my well-loved Alice, and the companion of my boys, is ever dear to my heart. We tarry here not much longer, come without delay, I beseech you."

Walter's present mood was a ripe one for indig-

nation to have his letters intercepted, as he now well understood they were, was an insult he could not brook. He turned to retrace his steps to Apswell Court, and perceived the messenger awaiting an answer.

"Did you divine 'twas I when you met me?" demanded he.

"Yes, my lord, an' it please you, these are times when a man's eyes had need to be sharp. I am an old servant in the Travers family, and well knew I the late Baron and Baroness de Lisle,—God rest their souls!—and I traced the likeness in your face, my lord, as I came near you, and I thought some good angel had sent you thus early in my way, for it would have been a hard business at the court, I reckon."

"I might as well be a prisoner, at once," said Walter, angrily, to himself; "I will let Lord Beauville see how far I can be schooled."

"Return to Lady Travers," said he, aloud, "and say I will be with her anon. I thank thee, friend, for the service thou hast done me;" and Walter offered all the money he had about him for the messenger's acceptance, but it was sturdily refused, and he set out with all speed on his journey home, while Walter returned to Apswell Court.

It created no surprise among the grooms when Walter ordered his horse and rode out, for he was frequently accustomed to do so at that hour.

Walter rode quickly, and he was glad, in the rapid motion, to lose some sense of the aching thoughts that had filled his mind. He was very pleased at the prospect of his visit, the name of Amy Travers had been mentioned in that one memorable conversation with his mother, and the thought of seeing old friends who knew nothing of his present struggle, and would take him away from it, as it were, comforted him; and the delay of the hour of decision delighted him, as it ever does, when we want to make our will and God's will agree together.

Warm was the greeting from Sir John Travers, while his lady clasped Walter in her arms as though he had been her own child.

"I will leave you alone," said Sir John, smiling, "for I know you have much to say;" and he quitted the room.

There was no trace of early beauty left on the pale, worn face of Lady Travers, only the sweetness or placid calm of a spirit resigned amidst privations, content amidst trials.

Neither of Walter's college companions was there. Basil was at Rome, about to receive priest's orders, and William was at the usual residence of the family.

"But we," said Lady Travers, "are frequently obliged to change our residence to escape from the spying which is carried on. Truly, our homes are

no longer our own. We are impoverished, too, with the heavy fines that are laid on us. We have had to dismiss many of our servants, and William," continued she, "hath to labour hard in looking over the estates."

"What are these fines?" inquired Walter; "I feel as if I were ignorant of all that goes on now."

"Every Sunday we do not go to church, we are fined twelve marks each person, then by another Act, every month twenty marks, and if it can be proved that we are absent twelve months, then it is two hundred pounds; and you can therefore well imagine it becomes necessary for us to move from place to place, that it may be impossible to prove this. Nay, you would hardly credit it, Walter, but some months since I fell grievously sick, and was likely to die, my husband was summoned to pay the fine, and he pleaded my sickness, but they answered I was a recusant, and, according to law, all sickness among them is reckoned as rebellion against the queen's majesty."

Lady Travers pronounced her last sentence with so comical a tone, that Walter could not forbear smiling, although there was no mirth in his heart.

"Well," continued she, "we bear it with tolerable cheerfulness for the present, and I, for

one, would not change with the queen on her throne; but enough of myself. My dear Walter, let me hear somewhat how you have fared since you left Castle de Lisle. Ah! you will believe me how I sorrowed for you when I heard that she was gone, the meek and holy Alice; but it was at the time of my sickness, and I could not write; indeed, I thought that I should follow her speedily, but so God willed it not. And what of Isabel? and how fare you with the Beauvilles? and how do you plan for the future?"

Poor Walter! Dissimulation was very foreign to his nature. The interest and affection that Lady Travers lavished on him touched him deeply; he longed to tell her all, and yet he could not. Had he resolved to sacrifice Constance, he could have thrown himself, as it were, on a mother's sympathy and told her all his grief; but the fiery struggle, the half-formed sin was no fit hearing for her, who met sacrifices with smiles, who counted losses but gains. She saw the reserve quickly, for, indeed, Walter was confused, almost incoherent; and after a few attempts to break it down, she changed the subject, and began to talk of Basil, of Rheims, and of Father Mordaunt. No, this did not succeed. Walter inwardly writhed under it, and could scarcely retain his composure. Lady Travers felt perplexed and alarmed, and breathed a secret, wordless prayer that the child

of her loved friend might not depart from them unconsolated.

The door opened at this moment, and her husband entered, accompanied by another gentleman, whose dress was dusty and travel-stained. His riding-hat he removed as he entered, and thus displayed a head and face that once seen could never be forgotten; the face was oval, but the forehead broad and open, and the auburn hair cut short showed the temples; the chin was pointed, and the short moustache and beard were of the same colour as the hair; the nose aquiline; and the general expression of the face one of extreme calmness; and while the eagle-glance of the deep-set eyes told of the fire of genius and the ardent soul within, the lines traced on the face spoke of many an inward conflict, of hard study, of wearing thought, and of mastery over self. As Lady Travers's eyes fell on him, she uttered almost a cry of delight, and going forward, knelt for a moment to receive a blessing. Walter, who drew back into the shade, yet could not take his eyes from the stranger's face; and now that he smiled as he warmly greeted Lady Travers, there was something inexpressibly winning in the countenance which the smile lighted up so radiantly. At the same moment, while conversing with Sir John and his lady, and answering some eager inquiries of the latter, his eye perceived and

scanned Walter with a searching glance. At last Lady Travers turned round and exclaimed,—

“Come forward, Walter ; here is a pleasure for you we did not, indeed, foresee. Father, this is Walter, Baron de Lisle ; and, Walter, you see before you Father Campian.”

Walter felt overpowered at the knowledge that he was in the presence of that renowned man, whose name was known throughout Europe, and who had been looked upon by the students of Rheims as a hero. Yes, he really saw before him the “Flower of Oxford” and the “Gem of Christendom” (titles which were both given to Father Campian) ; he saw before him the man who, having gained all the honours of the university and taken deacon’s orders in the Established Church, had cast away all worldly advantages, crowds of friends, prospects of advancement, that he might enter within the proscribed and persecuted Church of Christ. The man of brilliant genius and profound learning who had quitted the college of Douay to learn humility and abnegation in the noviciate of the Jesuits. Made a priest, he was sent to the mission in Bohemia, and from thence, but a few months back, to England, to a prospect of speedy martyrdom in his native land,—for his power of winning the souls of others was unbounded. Already England was ringing with the sound of his “Challenge to the Universities

of Oxford and Cambridge;" and the "Pope's Champion," as he was named by both friend and foe, was not likely long to escape the vengeance of Elizabeth.

But while we have been describing him, Campian had passed his arm affectionately within that of Walter.

"I am so truly glad to see you," he said. "On my way back to England I tarried a while at Rheims, and Father Mordaunt spoke of you, and commended you to my good offices, should I meet with you. Indeed," said Campian, turning to Sir John, "I think, if it had not been for my visit to Rheims, I should not have come hither."

"Why, father," answered Sir John Travers, with a smile, "I should not have thought you needed much persuasion."

"Yes," replied the priest; "I was loth to leave Bohemia, where so many are lost in the snares of heresy, but good Father Mordaunt had an answer to every argument I could bring forward."

"What said he?"

"Father," he said, "whatever you did there may be done by others, one or more, of your order. Secondly, you owe more duty to England than to Bohemia, and to London than to Prague; though I am glad you have made some recompense to that country for the old wound it received from us in Wickliff's time, from whom the

Hussites of Bohemia learnt their heresies. Thirdly, the recovery of one soul from heresy is worth all your pains, as I hope you will gain many; because the harvest is both more plentiful and more ripe with us than in those parts. Finally, the reward may be greater; for you may be martyred for it at home, which you cannot easily obtain there.”* At these last words Walter almost shuddered. “So you may suppose I was satisfied,” continued Father Campian, without appearing to observe his emotion.

“Father,” exclaimed Lady Travers, “you must want some refreshment and rest; and you, too, Walter. *You* can stay with us this night, can you not?” said she, addressing the latter.

“Oh no,” replied Walter, starting; “I must, indeed, be home ere nightfall.”

“Well,” rejoined Campian, “that is some way off yet, and so if you, my Lady Travers, like a good housewife, will prepare our repast, De Lisle and I will confer together for a short space.”

“I have also matters to attend to,” said Sir John; and, followed by his wife, he quitted the apartment. Walter and the priest were alone.

“I am truly glad,” said Campian, “this chance, if chance we may call it, hath brought us together, my son. I have heard of you, and you have not been absent from my thoughts nor my poor

* Challoner.

prayers ; but I knew not how to gain access to you. Your position must be a most difficult one : what proposes Lord Beauville for your future ?”

Walter stammered something about nothing being yet decided ; Lord Beauville was very kind and good. The enemy was hard at work. Never did Walter feel so desirous to be within Apswell Court as at that moment, never did Lord Beauville’s proposals look so tempting. There was a short silence. Campian looked keenly at him.

“These are no times for trifling,” said he at length ; “our lives are in our hands, and none of us know, from moment to moment, when the Master will call us. My son, all is not right with you ; there is something on your soul, and you need counsel and help. Wilt thou not seek it, now that God offers it to you through His unworthy servant ?”

There was no answer.

“Think you,” continued Campian, “that we know not the greatness of the trials that encompass you, think you that you hear the words of one who has not suffered, who has not known what it is to follow the cross, through forsaking of friends and crucifying of his own desires ? I glory not in it, but, my son, in these days, we were unfit to speak to any of you, if we had not ourselves the marks of the cross upon us.”

He laid his arm on Walter’s shoulder as he spoke, and drew him towards him with a gesture

of such deep tenderness that the heart striving to keep aloof was conquered.

A groan burst from Walter's lips ; he threw himself at the feet of Father Campian, and poured forth the whole tale of his temptation and his suffering. With deepest interest and tender sympathy the priest listened.

"What must I do, father?" said Walter ; "the struggle is too great ; I am tried beyond my strength."

"Not beyond, my son, but to the utmost. God has in store some great thing for you, whom he has thus early called to a mental martyrdom. There is but one remedy for you now, and it is *flight*. Apswell Court is even, as Lord Beauville said, no fit place for you, and the Earl, by the hypocrisy he hath practised, has lost all right to exercise any power over your movements. I would counsel you to return to Rheims, and consult with Father Mordaunt as to your future course ; I would this very night proceed onward to the coast. One of the small merchant vessels which are plying about, will, for a small sum, take you over to France."

"I will," said Walter ; "it is a wise and safe counsel that you give me, father, and I will follow it. I will write from France to Lord Beauville and to Isabel."

But a sudden memory came over him, and for

the moment overpowered him. He saw float before him a radiant face, with golden tresses falling on the fair neck; he heard the low tone of sweetness in which she confessed her love; he felt once more the touch of the arm that had twined round his but yesternight; his Constance, his beautiful one, and his own!

Walter was all unmanned.

Campion looked at him with tenderness; he put his hand into his vest, and drew forth a small and finely-carved ivory crucifix; he held it before Walter's eyes.

"Behold the Captain in whose army thou hast enlisted, my son,—the Chief whom we must follow. He bids us not to attempt an enterprise which He has not undertaken first; yea, and conquered. Oh, be strong, and be of good courage! The Crucified is the King of Glory; nail thyself bravely to thy cross, so shalt thou be crowned hereafter."

Walter was weeping now; those tears that are shed but seldom, and leave their furrows on the cheek for aye.

Campion pressed a secret spring at the back of the crucifix; it flew open, and displayed a small image of the dead body of the Saviour, wrapped as if for the tomb.

"'Twas a fancy of mine own," he said, as he showed it to Walter; "I would not be without a crucifix to console my brethren with, but for

mine own the sight of this ever moves me to the strongest emotions. Yes," he continued, gazing at it, and as if forgetting any one but himself heard him,—“there is something heroic in suffering even on the cross ; but *death*, who shall tell its unutterable humiliation to Him, whose Divine breath is the life of man ; to leave his sacred limbs to the rude hands of the soldiery ; His heart to be rent asunder by them ! This is what upholds me when I am like to faint under the burden of temptation, when alluring hopes and fair ambitions would draw me away from His service. I go to kneel, not by His cross, but by His grave, and bury myself and my proud heart beneath the folds of those linen garments.”

Walter's eyes were fixed on Campian with wonder and reverence. He saw the pale, wan face glowing, the deep-set eyes radiant with light and love, as he gazed on the image of His Master's sufferings.

“Father,” said Walter suddenly, “I, too, will love Him best ; I, too, will lay at His feet every hope and vision. I will die with Him ; will lie down in the tomb with Him, and forsake all. Hear me, Father ; in your presence I vow it ;” and Walter pressed with his lips the image of Christ, which Campian held.

Silently the priest blessed him, and received the vow.

“I would hesitate at other times, and in other

cases," added he, "to witness such solemn words spoken in haste, but with you there is but one choice, and that to be made instantly—it is for life or death."

"I have chosen now," said Walter resolutely: "God helping me, I will not falter; I will go and arrange with Sir John how I shall gain the coast, and with what speed I best may."

And the moon rose in her glory that night, and silvered with her beams the ocean that calmly rippled by, as Walter de Lisle stood on the cliff of the coast of Kent, bidding a long farewell to his country.

But yestereven that same moon looked down on Apswell terrace, as the lovers plighted their passionate vows, and life in all its sunshine lay before the young baron; now all was passed, and already the boat touched the beach, that was to convey him for ever from its brightness; and at this last moment the brave heart flinched not. In one day Walter had lived years. Last night he was the boy, full of light-heartedness and sanguine hopes; this night he was a man, entering his manhood by the gate of suffering and of endurance. He has made the sacrifice, has dashed aside the temptation; shall he endure unto the end?

Note.—"Every person above the age of sixteen years, who shall not repair to some church, chapel, or usual place of

common prayer, but forbear the same, shall forfeit to the queen's majesty, for every month which he shall so forbear, £20; and, over and besides the said forfeitures, every person so forbearing, by the space of twelve months, shall, after certificate thereof in writing made into the king's bench by the bishop of the diocese, or a justice of assize, or a justice of the peace of the county where the offender shall dwell, be bound with two sureties, in £200 at least, to the good behaviour, and so to continue bound until he conform himself and come to church; which said forfeitures shall be one-third to the queen, for the relief of the poor in the parish where the offence shall be committed, to be delivered by warrant to the principal officers in the receipt of the exchequer, without further warrant, and one-third to him who shall sue. And if such person shall not be able, or shall fail to pay the same within three months after judgment given, he shall be committed to prison till he have paid the same, or conform himself to go to church.

“A person who was sick for part of the time contained in an information upon this statute shall not be at all excused by reason of such sickness, if it be proved that he was a recusant both before and after; for it shall be intended that he obstinately forbore during that time.”—BURN'S *Ecclesiastical Law*.

CHAPTER IX.

“The bridegroom’s doors are open’d wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set,—
Mayst hear the merry din.”—COLERIDGE.

APSWELL COURT is thronged with guests, and re-echoes again to the sounds of revelry. No expense or pomp is spared, palfreys in gay trappings fill the courtyard, numberless servants are in all directions, while the tables groan beneath the weight of good cheer. Whence all this rejoicing and merriment in a house erewhile painted as so dull? It is in honour of the marriage of the only daughter of the house of Beauville with the Duke of Bertram ; you can see the duke even now as he stands on the terrace in conversation with some of the guests. He is a man of middle age, and of goodly bearing and appearance. Kindliness is written on his open Saxon face, which, though somewhat heavy, is now lighted up with smiles in answer to the congratulations which meet him on all sides. He may well be congratulated, for fortune has suddenly showered down on him all her gifts. As simple William Bertram, captain in Her Majesty’s Life Guards, he looked to no other way to distinction than through his sword. The sudden death of his cousin, the young Duke of

Bertram, when on the very eve of marriage, placed him at once among the peers of Britain, with a far richer estate than many of them. Since then the sun of prosperity did not cease to shine. He grew in the queen's favour, and many noble houses would have gladly sought his alliance; but the duke wished to marry to please himself, and let the years slip away before he made his choice. But the Christmas of 15— he had accepted the invitation of the Earl of Beauville to join the gambols at Apswell Court, and for the first time beheld Lady Constance. He speedily made proposals for her hand, and they were accepted. The duke was by no means an ardent lover, and did not look for deep affection from his wife,—indeed, he liked full well the retiringness of the Lady Constance, and the quiet manner in which she received his protestations of admiration, while in company her gay laugh and light-hearted manner prevented any fears that might have arisen as to her willingness to be his bride.

And Lady Constance—is it possible the dream of last autumn can have so passed away, that we find her in early spring a happy and loving bride? Let us look in upon her in her retiring bower while they bedeck her for her bridal.

Very beautiful does she look in her mantle of cloth of silver and her stomacher of pearls, her garniture, likewise of pearls and diamonds; a

collar of brilliants clasps her slender throat, and jewels gleam on her arms, while diamonds confine the rich veil of lace that half conceals her sunny hair. How beautiful she is, and how many envy her as they gaze ! Her eyes are bright and her cheeks glow, and a ready smile is on her lips ; and, truly, Constance was *not* an unwilling bride. She had loved Walter de Lisle with all the intenseness of her nature, and the parting from him had been agony ; but with it there was none of the hope deferred, none of the shivering of trust that so often breaks a woman's heart. Walter had sacrificed her only to his God ; even in her anguish she could honour him, could feel he was but the more worthy of her love. Then she knew he was gone without recall, she believed in the steadfastness of Walter's righteous resolves, she believed she should never see his face again. The world grew heavy to her, and her heart turned sick, her cheek grew pale, and her pillow was wet with bitter tears ; but woman's pride came to her assistance, and resolutely she struggled with her grief. The world should not say, Constance Beauville was dying of unrequited love ; so amidst the Christmas gambols, Constance bore her part, and the Duke of Bertram could not guess that her cheek was paler than its wont, or that there was a hollow tone in her laughter.

The Earl was very anxious that Constance

should wed the duke, and he found no opposition from his daughter, who was well accustomed to bend to his will. She was glad of the prospect of a change, and far from insensible at the advantage the alliance presented; to be one of the first duchesses in the land, with riches and luxuries at command, to be courted on all sides,—why, these were the very things that must now be the objects of Constance's life; human love has crumbled away, and religion she does not think of, for in her own she has no faith, and that which she knows to be true she dare not profess. No wonder she wears a bright aspect as she walks to her nuptials.

The attendants of all the ladies staying at Apswell Court had assembled in conclave to admire the bride's dress, and they were quite unable to divine for what cause the serving-maiden of the Lady Constance wept so bitterly.

Was she then to lose her service by her mistress's marriage? No, indeed, she was raised to the dignity of first serving-maiden to a duchess, thereby her glory would be so much increased that many a knight's daughter might envy her; and her mistress was no sad damsel, forced to marry the man she hated, as was recorded in many a ballad and tale. She was as bright as the morning; what *did* Rose weep for? They gained no answer; nevertheless Rose's tears

fell fast, as she bore her lady's train to the bridal.

Near the entrance to the chapel Constance met her father.

"All shines on us this day, my Constance," said he gladly; "Regnier is returned in time to be present at your wedding."

Constance's face glowed with delight, as she received her brother's greeting, and together they passed into the chapel.

Viscount Regnier, the only son of the Earl, was some eight or nine years older than his sister. He had been absent from home for more than a twelvemonth, holding a post of honour in a foreign embassy. Young as he was, he had already distinguished himself, and was a favourite of the queen's. There was a good deal of likeness between brother and sister. Regnier possessed the same chiselled features, the full dark eye, without the melting softness of Constance's; the short dark beard and moustache lent sternness to his face, and his look seemed to pierce you through, while determination was written on the brow, and the compressed lips. There was something that attracted and yet repelled you, at once, in the viscount's face; but it is now all smiles, as he hastens to greet the various guests to whom his father presents him. His eye, accustomed to take in much at a glance, wonders who is that

regal-looking damsel, to whom his father scarcely names him, and who returns his courtesy with so stately a gesture. Her robe of purple brocaded silk becomes her well, and the dazzling white of her throat and arms need no jewels to set them off; not an ornament is to be seen, not even an edging on the border of her lace coif, under which is braided her luxuriant black hair. How she stands alone, amidst his father's guests, and how she seems to disdain their indifference. He marks all through the day, at what a distance she could keep the oldest and most privileged of the visitors. Regnier had seen many beautiful women, but never one to his fancy equalled the queenly Isabel, and the haughtiness with which she wore her charms added to them in his eyes.

"My Lord," said Viscount Regnier to the Earl, as they found themselves alone that evening on the terrace, the guests, weary of pleasure, being dispersed for a while, "you have oftentimes wished me to marry, and I would not comply. I have made my choice now, however, and I trust me you will mislike it not."

"Who is she?" exclaimed his father, eagerly. "Yes, Ralph, it rejoices me, indeed, that you should marry, is it then possible—Juliet Dacre?"

"Juliet Dacre!" answered Regnier, scornfully; "none of your lapdogs for me. No, it is yonder

Mistress de Lisle, your fair ward. By my troth, and her face is bewitching."

The Earl looked at his son as if fearing he was distraught. He was silent from astonishment.

"You congratulate me not, my Lord."

"Ralph, I thought you wiser; but, be assured this is a game you cannot play at: Isabel is a steadfast Catholic, and would not wed the King of England to forswear her faith. Ah, smile as you like, I know what is on your tongue,—a woman will sacrifice much for her love, and you may win Isabel's; but I know the De Lisle spirit better than you, I have *proved* it by——"

Lord Beauville stopped short; his eagerness had hurried him into an admission he would not have made; for, now that the affair was so well over, he had not intended to make his son a confidante in the history of his ill-fated attempt to unite the houses of De Lisle and Beauville. Now, however, Regnier insisted on hearing the whole. At the close of the tale his fury burst forth.

"And he dared—this beardless boy, to win my sister's love, and then cast it from him as a worthless thing. He, a beggar and a recusant, dared to offer such an insult to the house of Beauville, at the beck of those accursed priests, craven that he is. 'Tis well for him—'tis well he is beyond seas; let him but cross my path, and see what vengeance I will take."

“And yet you would wed the sister of this youth!” said the Earl.

“Yes,” said his son, turning round upon him, “I will wed her. Before I heard this tale I would have done it for her beauty and stately bearing, now I will do it for revenge. The De Lisles *shall* stoop to the Beauvilles.”

“Did I,” said the Earl calmly, “entertain the slightest idea of your success with Isabel, I would be displeased at your words; but I know well, that sooner would you turn the current from its course, than bend that steadfast will. If I failed with Walter, a boy of wild impulse and not over much piety, shall you succeed with a woman cold as very stone, whose whole soul is wrapped in her prayers and musing, whose one ambition is to see papistry restored in this land?”

“I am not saying,” answered his son, “that ’tis an easy enterprise, for thereby I should dishonour my own skill; but it is seldom, *very* seldom, I fail, when I set in earnest about anything; and come weal, come woe, though man and angel should forbid me, I resolve to win and to wear Isabel de Lisle.”

Lord Beauville shook his head; but further speech was interrupted by the gathering of company in the grounds, and by tacit consent the subject was hereafter dropped between them.

CHAPTER X.

"One single flash of glad surprise
Just glanced from Isabel's dark eyes;
But vanish'd in the blush of shame
That, as its penance, instant came.
Oh, thought unworthy of my race."

LORD OF THE ISLES.

THE train of the Duke and Duchess of Bertram had departed, and the numerous array of guests had dispersed, and Apswell Court grew comparatively quiet,—comparatively only, for the silence and gloom that once hung over it seemed to have vanished. The Earl was frequently absent, but Viscount Regnier pleaded that his long detention on foreign service gave him a right to be exempted from duty for awhile, and that he should spend some time as he listed. So the castle grew gay under his government, and hawking and shooting, with many a mock tournament and trial of arms, went on. There were few ladies to witness the sports, for, now Constance was gone, few cared to travel any distance to visit the stiff and formal Lady Ann, who for her part was only too well pleased to be left in peace with her tapestry and her flowers.

How Viscount Regnier first persuaded Isabel to emerge from her retirement, she herself could

hardly have told. She was won by his manner into friendliness, almost without her own will. The way in which he treated her was so different to any she was accustomed to meet with,—the respectful distance, the distinguishing her from the rest of her father's guests, as though by right claiming greater attention; then, in a solitary walk, Isabel could not avoid overhearing a few sentences of admiration of her fall from Regnier's lips,—not the praise of her beauty, which Isabel was accustomed to, and disdained, but of that very haughtiness and cold reserve, on which Isabel prided herself, but all the while had an uncomfortable feeling that Mary Thoresby and Walter might have been in the right in condemning. His delicate way of implying how strongly he condemned his father's treatment of her, was refreshing to Isabel. A request that she would assist him in tracing the various branches of the house of De Lisle was made and granted, and the employment naturally threw her almost daily in contact with him; and the days he did not come, and she did not see him, soon became heavy days to Isabel. Her spirits were oppressed, her heart felt a void. Isabel never paused to inquire its cause, alas! she had lost the habit of questioning and schooling her own heart, and she was unwilling to resume the task.

When Lord Regnier went for a few days at a time to London, Apswell Court seemed to grow intolerably dull, and Isabel's heart rebounded when she heard the clatter in the courtyard which announced his return; and each return grew more pleasant, for each brought some new proof of the honour and respect in which she was held, something to give her pleasure was sure to arrive, some new book was laid upon her table, choice flowers were transplanted, that she might admire them. A palfrey was carefully trained for her use, and Isabel could not refuse to ride her, when she found that part of Lord Regnier's mornings were regularly spent in riding the animal, that he might be sure she was suitable for a lady, and when the choicest falcon was taught to fly from her wrist—Lord Regnier saying, as he presented it, "Rare bird needs rare mistress,"—could she refuse to join the hawking parties? And if she did stand back at first from acceptance of all these gifts, how humbly and mournfully the Viscount would say he deserved it,—he had offered them with all respect, as the rightful due of a deeply injured lady; but if she disdained them, there was no complaint that could be made.

So Isabel went on, and in the incense to her pride which she daily accepted, what wonder that her head grew dizzy and her eyes were blinded?

And thus time passed, and another summer came.

Last summer, and coldly standing aloof to chide, Isabel had watched her brother at the feet of Constance! She had forgotten it now; she forgot to long for news from Walter, for her soul was absorbed in one wild passion.

One morning Isabel sat in the shade of the thick trees: the heavy fragrance of flowers, and the soft, lazy hum of a sultry summer day were wafted towards her,—a step sounded on the green-sward—that step which had gained the power to make Isabel's heart beat: the Viscount stood by her side, but a different expression was on his face,—one of pain and disturbance.

"What has happened, my Lord!" exclaimed she hurriedly.

"A letter from my father," answered he, "bidding me to come speedily, since it is her majesty's pleasure that I again depart on foreign service."

It seemed to Isabel as if all her pulses stood still—she could make no answer, and though her lips unclosed, no sound came forth,—Regnier was kneeling by her.

"Isabel, you will not let me go alone! you have seen long since that I am a captive at your will,—I cannot live without you, Isabel——"

What boots it to dwell on those burning words,

or how Isabel's mute answer confessed her love? She slept that night the betrothed of Viscount Regnier.

The Earl came home in a few days, and preparations were made for the Viscount's departure. Isabel expressed a wish that there should be little festivity at her marriage, and the request was acceded to, and it was arranged that the rejoicing should only take place amongst the household. Though aware that there must be a Protestant public ceremony, Isabel was determined on having her marriage privately performed by a priest, and she expressed her intention to Lord Regnier, but it was overruled: it would be impossible to do it without observation, he said, and, just at this moment, would bring down disgrace on his head. He could not do it; it would endanger the priest's life as well. It was useless to insist on it, he continued—it could not be done; and if that were the condition of their marriage, he must relinquish it, and go alone to a foreign shore,—alone to death, for he should never return. Isabel yielded, and stifled the conscience that tried to make itself heard.

Bright was the sunshine that gleamed through the painted window and fell on the pavement of the chapel, as a bridal train was once more gathered there. The bride to-day looks pale—as white almost as her dress; still, calmly she

plights her vows, and, for one life of weal or woe, is bound to Lord Regnier.

Isabel turned to receive the greeting of her father-in-law, but, instead of embracing her, Lord Beauville suddenly stumbled forward, and fell on the ground, while blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils! They raised him up, and carried him from the chapel, followed by Isabel, clinging in terror to her husband's arm. At the chapel door were gathered some of the peasants on the estates.

"Blood on a bridal!" whispered one of them to her neighbour; "that bodes no good—see ye, see ye!"

Isabel heard: she looked down, and truly the spotless robe she had chosen for her wedding was sprinkled and spotted with the Earl's blood! A shudder ran through her, unblest, unshriven, she had approached a holy sacrament—approached, perchance, to profane it. No time for musings now! They have reached the Earl's chamber, and the physician is vainly endeavouring to stanch the blood that, from the breaking of some internal vessel, was gushing forth. The man, an hour ago full of strength and energy, lay on his couch dying and unconscious. He opened his eyes at length, one wild stare around,—then fixed them on the roof of the room: he struggled for

speech, but the crimson tide flowing fast forbade utterance, a few incoherent words were all the bystanders heard—

“Have mercy, Alice; I did it not—’twas her own choice. They were free,—only one day—one hour! Dost hear, Alice?”

They were his last words, and with a groan of anguish, Lord Beauville died.

Isabel had heard all, standing petrified by, the child of Alice de Lisle, one who had watched *her* deathbed, had no word of consolation—no prayer for this, she could not bid him, even in that last moment, call upon his God for mercy. Her husband drew her away, and busy hands undid those blood-stained bridal garments, and laid her down to rest. But her brow throbbed, and her heart was sick with terror. There was no peace for her till her husband, after having seen the necessary offices towards his father discharged, came to her and clasped her fondly in his arms. She had not wondered to see him so composed and resolute through the sudden horror; but she expected him to have now poured forth passionate regrets for the loss of a father who had never crossed him, but entertained for him the strongest affection. His first words were—

“And you, my fairest one, are countess already;” and he spoke gaily. “No foreign

banishment for us now, you shall see your husband sitting in the queen's councils."

Isabel shuddered in his embrace. It was true, however. Strange chances of life! the house she once called her prison was her own,—Isabel de Lisle was now Countess of Beauville.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

PART THE SECOND.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

"Alive a queen, now dead I am a saint ;
Once Mary call'd, my name now Martyr is ;
From earthly reign debarrèd by restraint,
In lieu whereof I reign in heavenly bliss.
Rue not my death, rejoice at my repose ;
It was no death to me, but to my woe ;
The bud was open'd to let out the rose,
The chains unloosed to let the captive go."

POEMS BY FATHER SOUTHWELL.

FROM the broad Roman road which led from London to Chelmsford, a narrow lane turned off, and passed directly into the avenue of Thoresby Hall. The house was a large building, in the then modern style, such as we are wont to call Elizabethan. It formed three sides of a quadrangle, which inclosed a spacious courtyard. On one side of the hall were grassy slopes and beds of flowers and bushes, and these slopes ran down to a small piece of water, on the opposite side of which ran a grove of lime-trees, whose branches interlaced each other.

The window of one of the principal rooms in the hall was wide open, and near it sat a lady at work. Ever and anon she turned to speak to another lady, also sitting near the window, but in a different attitude. The chair in which this latter

was placed was of curious construction, and well lined with cushions, and the fragile form that reclined in it was that of a cripple. The thin fingers, unnaturally long, hung down by her side, and the pale face and sunken eyes told of long and constant suffering. She spoke gently in answer to the anxious looks of her companions. "I am very comfortable, darling sister, do be at ease concerning me for a while."

Is it possible, then, that this is our old friend Mary Thoresby, and the sufferer Blanche, of whom we remember her speaking at Castle de Lisle?

The bright-looking Mary has changed considerably,—she has passed into a calm, thoughtful woman, somewhat older than her years. We can trace that she has endured much,—indeed, she has had cause. Her mother has been dead for some years, after a long illness, and the charge of the household has devolved on her, with the constant attendance on her sick sister.

Blanche had been just on the eve of quitting her father's house, to follow her earnest desire of entering religion. The day before, a priest having happened to arrive at the house, it was arranged a Mass should be said by him. At this Mass Blanche was more than usually anxious to assist, it being her last opportunity ere leaving the home of her childhood for ever.

The Mass was said in a small chamber near the roof of the house, from whence an easy way of escape might be found, in case of an alarm. This room, or loft, was reached by two ladders, which led into different parts of the house. The Mass was just over, when an alarm was given, and a party of men, in search of the priest, rushed into the house. The priest and the other gentlemen instantly sought the roof, and Blanche felt that could she only remove the vessels and vestments which, in the haste, were left on the temporary altar, the pursuers would be off their scent. She gathered them all up, and as the feet of the men were ascending one ladder she left the room by the other. In her haste she missed her footing, and fell from an immense height. She was picked up by the terrified servants, insensible, and, as they thought, dead, but still clasping close to her breast her sacred charge. Lady Thoresby was at the time ill, and Mary attending on her, which had been the reason why Blanche had been the only woman present at the Mass. The alarm hastened Lady Thoresby's death, and Mary went from her mother's deathbed to what she supposed to be that of Blanche; but Blanche did not die. Her fall had rendered her an incurable cripple, and a life of continual suffering was her portion.

Not only was Mary compelled to witness the severe daily suffering of her sister, but a deeper

shade had been thrown over her life, by the necessary postponement of her marriage with the Viscount Clinton, a young Catholic nobleman, to whom she had been just betrothed. During the last few months Blanche's general health had decidedly improved, and Lord Clinton had been earnestly pressing that their marriage should take place, and that Mary should not leave her home, but still remain the nurse and comforter of her helpless sister. To this Mary had consented; and the marriage would take place soon after the arrival of a priest who was expected at the hall.

"Mary," said Blanche softly, "while I slept this morning, saw you Clinton?"

"Yes, dear," answered Mary, blushing; "we were together in the lime-grove."

"That is a favourite spot of yours," said Blanche, smiling. "And did he tell you any news?"

"We were speaking of the old subject," answered Mary. "The sorrows around. This late act of the queen hath affrighted us all. To lay violent hands on an anointed sovereign and sister-queen, betokens such virulence against our religion, we know not what will come next."

"Poor Mary Stuart!" answered Blanche; "'tis well for thee, at all events; the prison-bars are broken down, and the bird set free. But it must have been sad to die without the sacraments:

that was such frightful cruelty on Elizabeth's part."

"Ah," said Mary, "Clinton hath heard the particulars of her last hours; most touching and wonderful they are.

"When she found that her almoner, Le Preau, was to be kept from her (although he was in the castle), she wrote to him, begging him to keep vigil that night with her and for her, desiring to make her general confession to him thus, being prevented from doing it otherwise,—declaring she died innocent, and requesting absolution.

"But a joy beyond price was in store for her. Some time ago, the Holy Father, seeing the malice of her enemies, and to what lengths they were tending, sent her the Blessed Sacrament. It was enclosed in a gold ciborium, richly jewelled, and with it he sent his permission that, if in the hour of death she were deprived of the assistance of a priest, she might communicate herself."

"Oh, how marvellous a privilege!" exclaimed Blanche; "beyond what has been granted even to the saints. I suppose a woman's hands have not even touched the Blessed Sacrament since the blessed Clare defied the heathens. Go on, tell me all about it."

"So, on the morning of February the 8th, arising from her rest, during which she had con-

tinued to pray, she entered alone into her oratory. No one went with her, her loving servants were without. No eye save the adoring angels, no ear save the listening saints, saw her awful act,* or heard her whispered prayer."

"Oh," said Blanche, "what must have been her feelings in that hour! did not her thoughts wander back to her own *Belle France*, to the solemn hour when, perchance, in the royal chapel, and clothed in silvery robes, the child-queen made her *first* communion? Ah! Mary, how fair looked the world to her then, how proudly waved the banners of two broad kingdoms by her side, how lightly sat the crown on that brow of angel beauty, how gaily beat the heart in those days of guileless youth! What thought could have shadowed then her *last* communion?"

"Yes," returned Mary, "a heart-broken prisoner,—a woman aged in her prime,—a desolate widow, a forsaken mother, a betrayed queen. Gone were riches, crowns, and friends; passed away the pomp of regal France, and the once fervent loyalty of false Scotland!"

"But," said Blanche, looking out to the clear sky, "how blessed to think one thing was left, the same faith, the same God. Even when His priests were kept from her, He came Himself, to

* See "Lives of the Queens of Scotland."

absolve the sins of that sore-tried heart—to feed the fainting soul with angels' bread. What wonder, then, if, in the strength of that food, she went forth to die with a martyr's fortitude!—What wonder, then, that neither the insults of the Earl of Kent upon her dignity, nor those of the Dean of Peterborough upon her religion, moved her! Her spirit was in the hall of Caiaphas and upon the hill of Calvary,—what wonder, then, that she forgot not for one instant the tenderness of the woman, the courage of the sovereign, or the endurance of the saint! So died she; so went she to her crown. Mary Stuart, queen and martyr, pray for us!”*

Blanche lay back exhausted by her sudden burst of feeling. Mary was in tears, and there was a short silence.

“I hear my father's step outside,” said Mary; “are you well enough to see him, dearest?”

“Oh, yes!” said Blanche, opening her eyes.

Mary went to the door and admitted her father. After gently kissing his suffering child, Sir Robert said,—

* “‘Madam,’ interrupted the Earl of Kent, ‘your life would be the death of our religion, and your death will be its preservation.’ ‘Ah,’ exclaimed Mary, ‘I did not flatter myself with the thought I was worthy of such a death, and I humbly receive it as an earnest of my acceptance into the number of God's chosen servants.’”—*Lives of the Queens of Scotland.*

"We have had news that a priest is to land on this coast immediately, and we have been in great tribulation, not knowing how to get any one to meet him."

"Could not Henry have gone?" said Blanche.

"Upon what horse, my child?" replied her father; "thou forgettest the state of a recusant's stables. Henry went forth instantly to try and borrow a horse of Arthur Leslie, but Arthur declares it is far safer if he go himself: he has friends along the coast, and, being well known as a Protestant, there will be no danger of question."

"A singular sort of Protestant is Arthur," remarked Mary. "It is very noble of him to undertake such an office."

"Ay," said Sir Robert; "and we must hope and pray his charity may be rewarded by the gift of faith."

"How is it," said Blanche, "that he stays out of the Church?"

"Simply because," said Sir Robert, "he cannot relinquish the hopes of life at one glance. He is his uncle's heir to one of the finest properties in the country, with every prospect of advancement. He knows well that to become a Catholic is to become poor, and despised, and persecuted—— Well, I must not tarry, to fatigue my Blanche; I only came to tell you that perhaps to-morrow we may have a priest with us once more, and

now, farewell, for here comes Henry to fetch me."

It was a beautiful sight to see the fine old greyhaired baronet leaning on his son's arm, a young man full of the strength of early manhood. Both one and the other maintained well the reputation of the Thoresby family, as producing the finest men in England, and their faces bore evidence, too, of the character of that same family—generous and noble-hearted, and brave and loyal, and kind to the poor; and yet these were the men, who, in the glorious reign of good Queen Bess, held their lands, their homes, oftentimes their lives, in fear.

Note.—"No papist, or reputed papist, so refusing or making default in making and subscribing the declaration as by the last-mentioned Act, shall have or keep in his possession any horse above the value of five pounds: and two justices by their warrant may authorize any person, with the assistance of the constable or his deputy, to search for and seize the same for the use of the king. But if any person shall conceal or be aiding in concealing any such horse, he shall be committed to prison by such warrant and Act for three months, and shall also forfeit treble the value of such horse."

CHAPTER II.

“They who call me to the work can shield me,
Or make me strong to suffer.”—ION.

“You seem to be watching that ship very narrowly,” said a young and fine-looking gentleman on horseback to two weather-beaten fishermen, who were mending their nets on the flat coast of Essex.

“Marry, and well we may, sir,” answered one of them; “for she is actually putting off a boat.”

“And you think it will not live in this sea?”

The sailor pointed for answer to the boiling surf that dashed upon the sand, and the distant foam of the billows. “Why, sir, the vessel herself is obliged to put to sea again, ’tis so dangerous on the coast; and some fools, I suppose, who want to land, choose to drown themselves. Why not go on to London, I marvel?”

But Arthur Leslie did not wonder, and felt convinced that the adventurer in the boat was no other than the man he was in quest of; so he gazed with absorbed interest on the struggle. The little boat was tossed up and down, as if the proud waves toyed with its destruction. Now it was lost to view, and seemed engulfed for ever,

then it rose again triumphantly upon the white crest of a billow.

"She nears the shore, by Heaven?" cried one of the men.

"There must be some witchery about it," muttered the other; "for no mortal power could bring that boat to land."

"Could we not give help, now it is so near?" said Arthur, turning to the men.

"No, no," answered the last speaker; "I'll have nought to do with witchcraft; I'll not help them to land."

"Shame on you, then!" returned Arthur—"will you not?" addressing the other.

He was too intently watching the scene to answer; but suddenly rousing,—

"By my halidome, but they are brave men!" he exclaimed. "I'll down to the shore to see what I can do;" and he dashed down, followed by Arthur. The raging spray flew in their faces, and almost blinded them. The boat neared—it was amongst the breakers!

"There she goes!" said the sailor, as, amid the roar of the waves, the cracking sound was audible. "Now they must struggle for their lives!" and accordingly, getting free from the fragments of the boat, the two men who had been in her breasted the waves bravely. No human help could avail!—the mighty waves tossed them back

again and again, till at length one more kindly threw them, panting and exhausted, on the sand. Arthur and the sailor ran to them, and, lifting them from the ground, drew them into a place of safety. Arthur was quite certain his conjecture was correct, and the form he held in his arms was that of a priest. Presently the man revived a little, and his first act was to look up to heaven, and his first words were—"Thanks be to God!" Then, suddenly making an effort to rise, he exclaimed, "My poor companion, I trust me he hath not suffered."

"Be at ease, sir," answered Arthur, "he is nearly well, and less injured than you. He is, I trow, more accustomed to such feats than yourself."

"I have not, indeed, tried swimming for some years, and I did feel as if I could struggle no longer, when suddenly the friendly waves dashed me on the beach. Thanks, good sir, for your courtesy; I can now rise."

"You must change your drenched clothing," returned Arthur; "there is a fisherman's hut hard by, and afterwards I trust you will let me conduct you on your journey, for I know this road well."—

The stranger seemed embarrassed at the kind offer, and Arthur desirous to put an end to the mystery, said,—

"Perhaps it is you, sir, whom I am bid to seek. My good friend, Sir Robert Thoresby, is expecting a *friend* from foreign parts."

There was the start he looked for.

"Sir Robert Thoresby, of Thoresby, in this county?"

"The same."

"Then," said the stranger, "I think I am the one you are looking for."

"I was sure of it," said Arthur, smiling, "when I saw that adventurous boat set forth. I have another horse waiting at a distance, will it please you to mount?"

"As soon as I have given the sailor who accompanied me the reward I promised him—for happily my purse has come safe to land also—then I am at your service."

With much eagerness did Sir Robert and Henry watch the approach of two horsemen who were riding up the avenue at sunset that evening. The foremost was Arthur Leslie, his open generous face flushed with long exercise and with the pleasure of having accomplished his mission.

"How young the other is," remarked Sir Robert to his son; "it will be easy to disguise him. He will pass for a gallant cavalier any day."

And, as the gentleman dismounted and advanced towards them, they perceived that though his frame was thin from toil of some sort, a grace

hung about it of which nothing could divest him. The face was pale and worn, but there was something so noble in the broad open brow, and so sweet in the full dark eyes, that it drew one instinctively towards him.

"Welcome, Arthur," said Sir Robert, "and welcome to you too, sir; I pray you enter my poor house."

And while Henry stood outside to hear Arthur's narration, Sir Robert led his guest into his private cabinet. Mary was there, anxious to receive the first blessing of the priest. On seeing him, however, she uttered a sort of stifled cry, and gazed in mute wonder.

"Yes, Mary," said he, coming towards her, "your memory deceives you not. At last I have fulfilled my words, and 'come to Thoresby.'"

"And you are a priest?"

"Yes, thanks be to God, and a member of the Society of Jesus."

Mary threw herself on her knees for his blessing and Sir Robert knelt beside her. They were soon joined by Henry and Arthur, and the secret of Walter's relationship was intrusted to the latter. It was likewise agreed that it were safer he should not be known by his usual name, and should adopt that of Walters as a *nom de guerre*, and less likely to draw suspicion. This arranged, Arthur took leave.

“And now, Father,” said Sir Robert, “for that is a title dearer to us than that of kinsman; after you have seen my poor Blanche, you must take the repose you so much require.”

“Oh! Blanche,” said Mary, after Walter had gone to his room, “is it possible?—he a priest!—he who seemed formed for a life of sunshine, to be a missionary here! Oh! suppose he is taken, and they slay him with that cruel death;” and Mary burst into tears.

“But think of the end, the glorious reward, the martyr’s crown,” said Blanche soothingly. “Surely we may say, he hath left all to follow Christ.”

“All, indeed,” said Mary. “Was he not fitted rightly to be the head of his noble house?”

“You have never heard much of him since you parted at Apswell, have you, Mary?”

“Only in fragments. I heard he and Lord Beauville had disputed, and Walter had returned to Rheims; then, when I heard of the marriage of Lady Constance, I could not but marvel if that had aught to do with it. Then came Isabel’s unhappy marriage, and I wondered not that Walter did not return to England, but I thought he would seek some foreign court, or take service in some army. I never dreamed to see him return a mission priest. Truly, God’s ways are wonderful.”

Walter de Lisle a mission priest, it is no wonder Mary is surprised ; let us look awhile at him, our dear Walter, whom we parted from in his hour of trial, long years ago. Methinks any one who had known him well would have found him out under any disguise, for there is the same radiant smile, the same sparkling eyes as of yore. True, there are lines written on the face which tell of conflict and of suffering, and the vigorous frame is thin, worn with frequent penance and untiring labour. Walter's life since we left him may be briefly traced, for long years of suffering oft leave little mark behind them. It would not be interesting, even intelligible, if we had accompanied him through those heavy days and nights which followed his flight and his sacrifice. How his heart died within him, and he repented almost that he chose God instead of man ; how life seemed quenched within him, and he wanted only to let time drift by him, and never to begin the struggle afresh. Constance Beauville had not been loved as many men love, as a vision sweet for the time, but soon forgotten when it passes away. Walter's love was but of one kind, strong as his whole nature, and deep as a torrent. He loved thus or not at all. He would love God thus or not at all. So Father Mordaunt saw, and thus he prayed ; and the prayer was granted, the struggle was past ; the vow spoken

at Campian's feet became a reality. 'Twas the news of the martyrdom of this holy man, that first roused Walter from his slumber. He turned with his whole heart and energy to serve God, and he was rewarded even speedily. To him was given that call which even the angelic hosts may envy; and the low still voice said to him, "Come and serve me, dearest of the sons of men. Come, speak in my name; hold my keys, and have jurisdiction over *me*, your Lord and your God."

And so Walter became a priest, and then he prayed his superiors to send him on the English mission, for to die for the country he loved was his ambition. He was refused at first, and tried in various ways and by various toils, and at last his wish was granted, and strangely enough he was directed that the eastern coast should be the first scene of his labours, since no priest had been in those parts for long, and Sir Henry Thoresby had been advertised to meet a priest who would land on the coast. He had sent, little expecting to receive his own nephew.

Thoresby Hall was bright indeed now, for once more the Holy Sacrifice was offered, once more the fainting weary souls drew near, first to hear the words of pardon for sin, as they laid down their burden at the feet of Christ, then to nourish their souls with the Bread of Life. Then peace

reigned around, and thanksgivings many and fervent rose up from the little band of confessors of the faith in Thoresby Hall.

"Alas, Father," said Blanche Thoresby, one day, as Walter sat by her couch, "I fear me I often murmur at the lot that renders me in these troublous time a burden upon all."

"You would rather," said he, "have fulfilled your early wishes, and consecrated yourself to God in the cloister."

"Oh yes, Father; and I aspired to join the convent, where day and night they watch in lowly adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and pray continually for sinners, and I could have prayed for my country, our own dear England, and offered up all I did for her—What *are* you smiling at, Father, was it too presumptuous?"

"Not so, dear child," he answered; "but I smiled when I thought how our hopes vanish, and our plans are blown away, even as the wind brushes off the leaves. Blanche, *I* would rather choose the lot you have than the one you marked out. Yes," continued he, and his face lit up with a radiance which scarcely seemed of earth, "to lie still in His arms must be best for His creatures. If we work for Him, we mix up self with our best deeds, but to be called to give up the pure hopes and visions of your youth at His call; to lay down life even, and that not in one quick moment of

agony, but through 'long years of suffering, this is blessed indeed; for wherefore do you suffer? Because you bore in your arms the tokens of His suffering love, the tokens of His great humiliation in subjecting Himself to His creatures; by this means you saved the life of a priest; that priest lived perchance to offer once again the Adorable Sacrifice, to reconcile one more sinner to His God. Was not that enough? Oh! believe me, my daughter, God took these pure hopes of yours to heaven, and sent them down again loaded with benedictions. You prayed to watch before Him day and night, and behold He bids you do it with the incense of willing suffering. You loved Him in His Sacrament, He asked your life to be given in that love. Fear not, Blanche, if life be long before you, if you lie here helpless while others hurry to and fro in their Master's service. Nay, if even never again on earth before your eyes shall be raised up on high the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world—from your heart shall ascend a perpetual sacrifice, a perpetual adoration, as true and as worthy as if you were in the convent of your choice."

There was a long silence. Blanche's face was hidden in her hands, for such words needed no answer; words from which she gathered strength for many years to come.

Mary entered the room, and seeing them both silent, she sat down beside Blanche.

"Mary," said Walter, suddenly raising his head, "do you ever hear from Isabel?" The word was spoken with an effort.

Mary had been expecting this question, and schooling herself to meet it, yet now it came she trembled.

"No," she answered; "but you know we seldom write letters in these days of danger."

"When did you last hear? Now, Mary, be open with me, it is true kindness to tell me all you know. I have heard nothing but the fact of her unhappy marriage."

"Her letters," answered Mary, "wellnigh ceased some time before she married. When I heard of the event, I wrote to her, and begged that nothing might interrupt the love between us. Then came a few lines, saying it was impossible for her, as I must see, to keep up intercourse with her relations. There was that in the spirit of those few words which showed me, that though she was pained at parting from me, her whole soul was wrapped up in her husband. It was therefore no entrapping of the late Earl's; indeed, I never could credit he could have bent Isabel's will."

"No," said Walter; "in the one letter she wrote, in which she bade me not to write, she said 'twas her own free choice. And you have never seen her?"

“Yes, once; two years since, I was in London for a while, and we stood one day on the pier at Greenwich, to see the queen take boat for Westminster. I had never seen her majesty, and ’twas a grand pageant, many ladies of the court were there, and among them Isabel. She has grown into such majestic beauty, she looked fitter than Elizabeth to be the queen, albeit her highness hath a stately presence.”

“Did Isabel recognize you?”

“Oh yes, and turned pale as death, then casting on me a look of deep affection, she hastened forward to take her place in the boat that was awaiting her. There was a sadness in her beauty, her eye had that wistful gaze as of those looking to something beyond and indistinct. I heard a good deal about her during my stay in London, for Rachel contrived to come to me. She told me, Isabel sorrows deeply she has no children, for it is galling to her husband’s pride to have no heir. The failure of a male heir in the direct line is unknown in the Beauville family, and the estates must now pass to a distant relation, one whom Beauville dislikes. Another of her sorrows is caused by her husband’s neglect: to love a wife, and be a favourite with the queen, is impossible in England. Lord Beauville prefers the queen’s favour, and, indeed, Rachel saith he seems to have ceased to care for the beautiful creature

he hath wedded, while she loves him still more wildly."

"It is too much as I feared," answered Walter sadly; "for I have heard much of Lord Beauville, as Viscount Regnier, abroad; such news as would not make one imagine a woman linked to him could be happy. My poor Isabel! little did she imagine how vile a man she was wedding. But her religion, Mary—he does not oppose that, I trust; I suppose she is able to gain admission to the ambassadors' chapels?"

There was no answer.

"Did Rachel say nothing about this?"

Mary shook like a leaf; she could not speak.

The truth flashed for an instant upon him. He started to his feet.

"Tell me quickly, Mary," said he, his voice trembling with anguish; "it is not possible she can have forsaken her faith?"

"Alas!" sobbed Mary, "I fear she hath. She attends the Protestant services, and never seeks the Sacraments; I tried for long not to believe it, but I fear me it is true."

Walter silently left the room. He shut himself up in his own chamber, and any who listened might have heard the sobs and groans that burst from a man in his agony, for if any soul was dear to the priest, how much more the one of his only sister!—the only tie he yet had to earth—*an*

apostate! Oh, awful thought! unendurable to his ardent and loving soul. Yet, when he remembered his youth, and how once he had stood on the very brink of the precipice, Walter humbled himself exceedingly, and offered up his life as a sacrifice for this precious soul. And Walter, as he reviewed the past with the keen self-reproach of the holy, accused himself of neglect and coldness to his sister at Apswell Court. Had he kept free from that entanglement with Constance, and made Isabel the object of his affection, and resolutely broken down the icy barrier that she raised, a bond might have been cemented between them which Viscount Regnier would have had no power to break. Perhaps together they might have gone abroad; perhaps to her, too, might have been given a priceless gift, and at this moment in some holy cloister she might be praying for him, instead of his wrestling for her. Many hours passed ere the household at Thoresby saw Father de Lisle again, and many a night after that was spent in vigil and in penance, to atone, as far as might be, for the fault which seemed so grievous to the purified eye of the saint.

CHAPTER III.

"When he stood up in court and endured the contumely of upstart fanatics, the loss of his estate, the ruin of the prospects of his family, the filthy dungeon, the rack and the gallows, rather than renounce his religion, he did an act which the recording angel wrote down with an Alleluia on his lips."—*Rambler, February, 1857.*

For some weeks all went peacefully at Thoresby Hall, and Walter went backwards and forwards, seeking out Catholics, and enabling them to come to the Sacraments. Oftentimes, after having said Mass at Thoresby, and ere the sun had yet risen, he would go journeys of many miles to keep strange trysts with his flock. He always took with him the little pyx in which reposed the Adorable Sacrament; and often in the midst of great woods, far away from human habitation, he would give communion to some trembling and hunted Catholic.

"Are there any Catholics in Chelmsford gaol?" inquired Walter, one night.

"Only Father Gerard, that I know of," answered Sir Robert, "if, indeed, he still lives."

"Oh! I must see him," exclaimed Walter.

"I fear me 'tis impossible; they are most savage in this county, and we have often tried, by bribes and otherwise, to gain admission, but in

vain. Louth, the jailer, is a perfect brute, and his wife, a noisy sort of good-natured woman, is far too afraid of him to venture on any risk, even though she loves gold well."

"I must make the attempt," said Walter; "I shall go into Chelmsford, and reconnoitre."

* * * * *

"Now, beshrew thee, Giles," exclaimed Mistress Margery Louth, the goodwife of the jailer of Chelmsford; "thou art enough to anger an archangel. What is the use of sending *thee* messages into the town? Did I not tell thee again and again 'twas a green kirtle I wanted, and, behold, thou hast brought me brown taffety! and there thou standest, with thy great mouth wide open, staring at me as if I had made the mistake, and not thou; and now 'tis too late to send thee back again."

"Mistress," began Giles, "the master told me to sweep the prisoners' yard afore ever I did thy errands. I——"

"Hold thy tongue, sirrah," cried the lady; "prating to thy master, indeed, about my errands! —but it is the last time thou shalt go; take thy wage, and depart this very day,—go back to the pigs, and a fit companion, forsooth. And what may you want, young fellow?" said the lady sternly, as she perceived a man, dressed not only in the

peasant's fustian, but with garments old and patched, and bearing evident marks of poverty, loitering near.

"Fair dame," answered the peasant, making a lowly reverence, "I am a stranger in these parts, and seek for work."

"And work you shall have, friend," exclaimed the lady, greatly pleased at the respect with which she was addressed, "if you have a mind to take this idle varlet's place."

"And a precious hard one ye'll find it, too," muttered Giles, moving off.

"Now, get thee gone, sirrah," vociferated Mistress Louth; "and let me have no more of thy lying tongue." And then, turning to the new applicant, she tried to soften down the disagreeables of the proffered situation, having a shrewd suspicion that the stranger would suit her purpose better than any other she could get.

The office of scavenger to the Chelmsford prison was not an office over and above desired by the good Essex people, entailing as it did hard and revolting labour, scanty fare, and coarse abuse from the jailer—a man of violent passions and petty tyranny.

Good cause had Mistress Louth to be pleased with her change. Joseph, as the new servant called himself, proved the most patient, the most diligent, the most enduring, of any she ever had.

After his long hours of work, he was ready to do her errands, and would execute them with a skill and patience which seemed unwearied. Neither did he ever murmur at the food—scarcely fit for a dog—that was often cast to him; the sauce of content and cheerfulness seemed always ready. So rapidly did Joseph rise in his mistress's esteem, and in the liking of his fellow-servants, the rough turnkeys of the prison, that it came to pass that they required him, in addition to his own labours, to do part of their work, also, by going into the prisoners' cells, an office to which he appeared nothing loath.

"Joseph," cried Jack Nelgreave, the head turnkey, one day, swearing, according to his wont, a loud oath, "I am going to have a quart of ale along with my mate, and you can take the bread and water yonder to that old fool of a priest,—an old idiot, who might do as he lists if he would only go to church, as the queen's grace doth direct, and because he must be after his popish mummery, will get himself hung. Dost hear, varlet—wilt thou go?"

"Ay, Jack," quoth Joseph; "I have my work to do first. I reckon, if I go before night it will suffice?"

"Oh, ah, any time, so long as you give him the food, but we don't want him to die like a rat, to save friend Ralph the pleasure of

hanging him." And Jack strode away to his supper.

Descending from the general court of the prison was a winding flight of steps, which led to the dungeons below. Each of these cells had a staircase leading from them, so that there was no communication one with the other. These stairs were long, and when Joseph arrived at the bottom, he gasped for breath. It took some minutes to accustom himself to the foul air he encountered, the torch he carried cast its wild glare on the thick stone walls, down which the damp fell. A heavy barred door, with massive lock, was the entrance.

With the key he bore, Joseph unlocked the door, entered the dungeon, and carefully locked himself in. He then gazed around. The cell was about twelve feet long, and six wide. One small aperture in the roof admitted all the light and air that reached the captive. There was no flooring, save the damp ground, a little straw thrown into a corner formed his only bed, and a few stones, put together, his chair and table.

The occupant of the chamber was an old man. His face bore evidence of toil and disease, his hair and beard were both of silvery whiteness. When Joseph entered, the old man was kneeling, and accustomed generally to receive a few oaths from Jack with his daily provision, he did not move, but quietly prayed on.

"Father, bless me," said Joseph, going forward, and kneeling by him.

The old man started.

"Are you a Catholic, my son?" said he, rising to his feet.

"Yes, Father; a Catholic, and a priest: and, moreover, one you have known well—Walter de Lisle."

The sudden news was almost too much for Father Gerard. He staggered, and would have fallen, had not Walter caught him in his arms.

The silence of night fell on the prison. Some slept after their drunken revelry, some forgot their sorrows in slumber, some counted the weary hours as they passed, but to the two priests the time fled by, for they had much to say, and Father Gerard desired first to hear Walter's history since they parted.

"And you, Father—still labouring, still suffering?"

"Yes," said the old priest. "About two years after your mother's death, I was apprehended and thrown into prison, but there were many others in the same case, and the governor and magistrates happened to be interested in some, and therefore they procured the banishment of all, and we went to France. There I stayed two years, till my health was strengthened, and my superiors at last, to my joy, allowed me to return on the

English mission, and in it I laboured till eight months since, when I was interrupted while saying Mass. Just as I had begun the *Gloria in excelsis*, the pursuivants rushed in, and took me in my vestments before the magistrate, and I was condemned to prison, and here I have remained, desiring but one thing, my dear son, to see a priest and have the sacraments, and that Christ has now granted me, praised be His name !”

“I perceive, Father, you are not ironed,” said Walter.

“I was to be,” said the priest ; “but whenever they attempted to put them on, they always fell off, so at last they gave up trying.”

“You are cheerful under your cross, Father,” said Walter.

“Why should I not be ?” said the priest. “My life draws to a close. If I am not called speedily to the gallows, I feel a fever in my veins, which I cannot survive ; and it will not be long,” continued he, looking up earnestly to the roof of his prison.

“What do you see, Father ?” said Walter.

The old man only smiled.

“Not when you are here ; she only comes when I am alone.”

“Who comes, Father ? tell me.”

“The Mother with the Child,” answered Father Gerard. “Oh ! so glorious a vision ! and this

dark dungeon is full of heavenly light, and she bids me be of good cheer, and confess to the end the faith of her Son. My son," said he, turning towards him, "have you the Blessed Sacrament with you?"

"I have, Father, all that is necessary to celebrate Mass. See, this stone in the wall will serve as our altar, and as soon as midnight chimes, I will begin."

Father Gerard sank back upon his straw, and Walter saw that he was dying. He hastened to give him a little of the wine he had brought with him, and the old man revived, and was able both to make his confession, and hear that of Walter. Then Walter said his Mass. Soon after it was finished Father Gerard died.

No words can express the wrath and disappointment of Dame Louth when she found her new and pattern servant had, without staying to ask for wages, actually departed.

"No wonder she is wroth," said the other prison servants; "I warrant as 'twill be a long time ere she gets one like Joseph again."

Note.—The incident of the falling off of the irons and the vision of our Lady will be found in the "Life of Thomas Atkinson, Priest."

CHAPTER IV.

“ A gloom doth fall o’er baron’s hall,
A gloom o’er peasant’s cot ;
The woodland bower, the lordly tower,
Show one dark, dreary lot.”

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

THE soft moonlight was playing in gleams on the walls of Thoresby Hall, and the trees and bushes around stood out, some in silver brightness, some wrapped in gloom. The same beams fell strangely among the leaves of the lime-grove, with its interlacing branches, and the perfume from the blossoms, always so much more powerful at night, floated on the air. The sweet influence of the scene did not seem lost upon the two persons who were pacing up and down the avenue.

“ You have no *real* objection, my Mary,” said Lord Clinton, stooping to try and see the face half hidden on his shoulder ; “ for if you have, even my eager love shall not be selfish, but I have waited long, have I not ? almost as long as Jacob for Rachel. It is full six years since, in this very spot, you gave me that dear assurance which has brightened life since then.”

“ No, Edward,” answered Mary Thoresby in a low and trembling voice ; “ you have never been selfish. You know that such has been the state of

Blanche's health, I have scarcely looked for her to live from month to month. I think now there seems appearance that her life of suffering may be longer, and since my marriage is to make no difference, is not to lead me from my father nor my suffering sister, I can no longer refuse that which—which——" Mary's face was once more hidden, and the lover understood the unspoken words.

"Then, my own Mary, why a sort of shade of melancholy which hangs over you when the subject is mentioned? Forgive me, but I am too anxious, too fearful, lest there should be some secret cause of grief or anxiety I do not know."

"Oh no, it is not that, Edward, but how can any woman's heart not quail to think of a bridal such as mine will be, in secret and in fear, with no festive gathering, no joyous looks, such as attend the brides of half England when they wed; and then it is so strange that the occasion of my cousin's arrival should give us the opportunity. He whose life has been so strangely mixed up with a romance of love and suffering. It is only, Edward, that when I think of all these things,—of the sorrow that is around us, of the clouds that hang over our heads, of the woe and persecution that attend our faith,—a doubt crosses my mind whether or not it is a time for 'marrying and giving in marriage.'"

"Away with those fears, my own love," answered Clinton; "you cannot doubt the right of a union that has sanction and blessing from all we have been bound to consult. Your cousin, last of all, you know;—did I tell you I had a long conference with him last night?"

"I saw you together," she answered, "and I was so glad, I wanted you to know him better. Is he not noble?"

"He is, indeed; one of those to whom one looks up as scarcely having a place on earth."

"And, Edward, then to think what a fate awaits him."

"Surely there is little fear for one allied to Lord Beauville," returned Clinton; "but I confess to you my desire is to see him ere long in London, *there*, close to those he is allied to, he might be safe, and yet do his work; but if arrested here, and thrown into Chelmsford gaol, to linger there for many months, the chances of an appeal,—'tis a sad prospect."

Mary sighed deeply. "And I have a feeling,—a *warning*, as the peasants call it,—that there will be a search made here ere long. Oh, if we had (as I know they have at many Catholic houses) a hiding-place where he could go! Did you ever see the one at Clare Hall, Edward?"

"Never."

"It is a little chamber behind the great

chimney in the hall; a few stones take in and out, and often and often have the pursuers passed it by; but here," and she looked wistfully towards the hall, as a break in the trees enabled her to have a free view,—“here I see no possibility.”

“And yet,” rejoined Lord Clinton, looking also at the house, “those walls of mighty thickness ought to be able to shelter a fugitive.”

A cry almost escaped from Mary’s lips; Clinton looked at her with a sudden horror.

“No, I see nothing, hear nothing,” she answered; “but ’tis a sudden thought. Thou knowest Blanche’s chamber?”

“Certainly I do.”

“There is between the further wall of it and the one of my father’s room a space; ’tis very narrow, but high, and there would be air. Think you not it would do? In the very heart of the house no one could suspect.”

“It seems likely,” responded Clinton. “Blanche’s room is the centre of the hall?”

“It is; at least, hers and my father’s are both, and this division was put, I fancy, to correct some inequality in the building.”

“How did you know of it?”

“When the house was repairing, it was such a nice dangerous place for us children to get into. Well do I remember how angry old Madge was with us, and how she said she would tell my

mother, and the fear of alarming *her* made us promise good behaviour for the future. Oh, I long to know if it is possible it can be used, we must wait till to-morrow morning for that, however, for I think Blanche by this time sleeps. We must go in now, dearest Edward." And they walked towards the house, the moonbeams shining full upon his manly form, supporting the fair and gentle girl whose fate had been cast in such rough circumstances. On reaching the hall, they found Sir Robert, Henry, and Father de Lisle engaged in earnest conversation. Mary, blushing, would have passed by, and gone to her sister, but her father called her back.

"We have heard rumours from Arthur Leslie which warn us it is no longer safe for Father de Lisle to tarry amongst us," said Sir Robert; "and we must not seek to detain him, for now we have had the sacraments, for which we were well-nigh fainting, we must not selfishly endanger his safety, nor deprive others of his ministry, and so the day after to-morrow he purposes to go."

"But," said Walter, in his clear, sweet voice, "there is one more rite I would fain perform in this house, and if to-morrow night the next Mass I offer here could be that of your bridal, dear Mary, I should be very glad."

"To-morrow night!" almost gasped Mary, clinging to her father. "'Tis so sudden, so short."

“But it has been a long and sober wooing, my child,” answered Sir Robert; “and there are no bridal festivities to prepare, and you leave not your father’s roof for another. I think you must consent, my Mary.”

And Mary did consent, and then hastened to hide her confusion in her sister’s arms.

Different, indeed, was the bridal of Mary Thoresby from the others which it has been our lot to describe.

It was just past midnight when the little household assembled in Blanche’s chamber. Blanche, lying still on her couch, fixed her gaze lovingly on her sister. Mary wore a dress and veil of white, of the most simple kind, but old Madge’s heart would have broken to have beheld her young mistress wedded in any other colour. A table, arranged as an altar, was placed at the foot of Blanche’s couch, and the form of the crucified Master looked down on the little group. The two altar-lights alone illuminated the room, for more display was deemed unwise, and so the rest of the large chamber, with the grim tapestry that hung its walls, remained in gloom. The lights shed their rays on the heads of the betrothed as they knelt before the priest,—that young priest, with his pale face and his glance of unearthly peace. Hushed was the silence while the low voices repeated the vows. No unmeaning

words, and no perjured ones were those which came from the lips of Mary and Clinton.

The long-tried and loving hearts were one at last, bound together in sacramental union. They were one now, hand clasped in hand, and heads bowed low, no power can part them now,—none save the angel of death can ever break that bond. The Mass goes on; and we, in these days of peace, who can scarce keep out distracting thoughts, who think the too frequent Mass almost a weariness, might envy those breathless worshippers while they followed every act of that stupendous mystery, might envy the rapt devotion of those communicants. The Mass was ended, the altar was removed, all trace was gone of the holy occupation, and Father de Lisle turned to give a short and parting exhortation to the little flock he was to leave on the morrow, when suddenly a violent knocking at the outer gate silenced him. There was a hasty glance around; each one knew well it was the coming of the pursuers. Then Mary, coming forward quickly, proposed her plan.

“It is the only hope,” said Sir Robert, in despair.

The porter was sent to prolong, as best he might, by excuses, the entrance of the unwelcome guests. Some of the servants hurried to bed, with the hope of having been supposed to be there all

the time. The others trusted that the sudden alarm would itself form an excuse for their appearance. Mary's bridal dress was hastily dragged off, and she sat down by the side of Blanche. While this was going on, some planks of the flooring had been raised, and Father de Lisle at once sprang into the living grave that apparently yawned before him.

"Are you safe?" whispered Henry Thoresby from above.

"Yes, quite, thank you," answered Walter.

"Is there space enough?"

"Yes, just enough," he answered. "It is like a coffin, but it is high, and there is plenty of air. Think no more of me for the present."

The plank was laid down again, and Henry hurried after his father, who stood in the hall ready to receive the visitors that were now entering.

"Ha, Sir Robert," said Mr. Sheriff Parker, "I am sorry to disturb you at this time; but, indeed, good sir, these infringements of the law must not be permitted; if you will persist in disobeying her Majesty's Privy Council's most excellent commands——"

"We will not argue that point, good Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert, with his calm and dignified manner; "but let me inquire the cause of this unwonted disturbance at night. To a man

in whose house there lies, as you know well, a daughter ill as mine, it is truly a matter of serious annoyance."

"Well, well, Sir Robert," said the sheriff, drawing himself up, "if you will harbour Popish priests in your house, you must bear the penalty. Now, produce him at once, I pray you, my good sir."

"Nay, nay, Master Sheriff," said Sir Robert; "an thou hast come with—let me see how many—three clerks and four pursuivants to find one man, it would be a pity to do their work. Search for him ye want, good masters, with all the speed ye can."

Then ensued one of those scenes so frequent then, and for two centuries afterwards in Catholic houses; the pursuivants scattered themselves over the house, every chamber was entered, cupboards opened, tapestry rent aside; they struck their wands on the walls, in order to find out hidden panels, and stamped on the floor, to see if that too were hollow. When they reached the door of Blanche's chamber, Henry was there.

"I pray you, good sir, to enter gently, if you *must* enter the sick-chamber of my sister."

"Most certainly we must," returned the sheriff; "'tis the most likely place to find the rebel we trow. The ladies are ever compassionate towards the unfortunate."

Henry's colour rose at the taunt; but resistance

being useless and suspicious, he suffered them to enter. The sight of Blanche's pale face and helpless form, and Mary, scarcely less pale, sitting by her side, moderated a little the fury of the searchers. Still they walked round the room, pulled aside the tapestry, looked under Blanche's bed, opened a closet that stood in one corner, and finally struck their staves against the wall, behind which Walter was sheltered. Each blow went like a sharp pain through the hearts of the listeners; but the good walls of Thoresby were true, and gave back no echo.

"Nothing *there*," said one of the men; "'tis an unlikely room, too, for tricks of that kind, for 'tis the very centre of the house. Upstairs, nearer the roof, is the more likely place for these kind of animals to burrow. I have routed out two or three in my time."

The men withdrew from Blanche's chamber, and rushed upstairs. For the next hour or two the most frightful riot ensued, shouting and hallooing to each other, and turning to curses as they found their game was missing.

"I shall be under the necessity, Sir Robert," said the sheriff pompously, "of leaving three men in your house in guard, for the information I received was too certain to be mistaken, that there is a Popish priest in your house, and we are determined he shall not escape."

"As you will, Mr. Sheriff," said Sir Robert indifferently; "'tis a heavy expense and trouble, but to that I must submit as best I may. You will find, however, your precautions useless."

The three men did stay, and kept so sharp a watch that during the whole day no communication could possibly be held with Walter, and the keenest anxiety was entertained on his account by his friends. It had a terrible effect upon poor Blanche, and Mary was terrified at the burning fever that came on, and the restless starts of agony at every noise. At supper-time the servants contrived to drug the wine, taken in plentiful quantity by the sheriff's men, and their sleep in consequence was too sound to be easily broken. The planks were again removed, and Henry, kneeling down, called for Walter.

"Father, are you alive?"

"Yes, and very happy," answered Walter cheerfully. "There is plenty of air; not much light, truly, but I can say my office by heart."

"Here is some food."

"Thank you, thank you; I should like some of that."

And a basket was lowered by a string.

"How are you all?" said the priest. "How is Blanche? Poor child! it is hard for her. Tell her to be of good courage, and to think of the days of old. It is not prudent to speak longer,

I suppose. God bless you all, my children, and comfort you."

This miserable state of affairs lasted for several days, and at night only could a brief communication be held with Walter. At length, finding that the men slept so soundly at night, it was determined to attempt an escape, and so, one night, Walter, by cords put under his arms, was drawn up from his living grave. He was covered with dust, and presented a singular appearance. Blanche was extremely ill with fever, Walter would stay to pray awhile beside her, then blessing her and all the others of the sorrowing household, he quitted Thoresby in company with Arthur Leslie.

Note.—"The house was searched upon All Souls' Day, when Mr. Bavin was making a sermon. The next day the house where I remained was searched; but we both escaped by a secret place, which was made at the foot of the stairs where we lay, going into a hay-barn."—*Life of Thomas Holford, Priest.*

"In the year 1577, in the month of June, the Bishop of Exeter, being in his visitation at Truro, was requested by Mr. Greenfield, the sheriff of the county, and other busy men, to aid and assist them to search Mr. Tregian's house, where Mr. Maine did lay. After some deliberation, it was concluded that the sheriff and the bishop's chancellor, with divers gentlemen and their servants, should take the matter in hand."—*Life of Cuthbert Maine, Priest.*

CHAPTER V.

“Graze not on worldly wither’d wood,
It fitteth not thy taste;
The flowers of everlasting spring
Do grow for thy repast.”

POEMS BY FATHER SOUTHWELL.

“ROSE, Rose,” cried a baby voice, “please take me to the lady my mother.”

“Willingly, darling one,” said Rose cheerfully, as she lifted from the ground a lovely boy, scarcely two years old, and passed with him along the corridor to the apartment of her mistress.

She entered the room without ceremony. It was the dressing, or “tiring,” chamber of the young Duchess of Bertram. A small looking-glass was affixed to the wall, and the apartment bore marks of a gay and varied fancy in its owner. Articles of dress were scattered about, various fashions had been tried on and were thrown aside; the perfume of flowers and scents mingled together, and before the glass was sitting the Duchess herself, her sunny hair all let down over her white neck, and half shading her fair face, while she was busy in examining the workmanship of a curiously-carved ivory comb.

While Rose, with the child in her arms, steals

in unobserved, we will take a glance at Constance, and see what ten years have done for her. They have left but little trace. She is more perfectly beautiful than before, though, perhaps, to our taste, time has robbed her of her early freshness. There is a wistfulness in the depth of her hazel eyes, but there are no lines on the smooth face, which tell of care, of disappointment, or heart-ache. That look of secret grief, which, to a discerning eye, was visible under bridal smiles, is gone. Has the good Duke of Bertram, who in this space of time has grown stout and portly, more hospitable, more hearty, and more stupid than ever, succeeded, then, in winning his wife's depth of affection, and filling up the void in the yearning heart? Ah! no, but behold the secret is unravelled. Rose is close behind her now, and holding up the baby, his rosy face is reflected in the glass. With a cry of joy, the Duchess turns.

"My boy! my beauty!"

He is in her arms, and in that sudden glow, and in that flood of joy, you learn the secret—Constance is a mother! Old dreams, old sorrows, pass her by and are gone.

"Well, Rose," said Constance, after having fondly caressed her child, "were you successful this morning? You stayed so long, I began to fear you had been disappointed."

"No, I was not disappointed, dear lady," said

Rose ; "I had all I wanted, and more ; I had a strange joy—I suppose I may call it joy, though other feelings were mingled with it."

"What could it be ?" exclaimed Constance.

"The priest to-day," said Rose, lowering her voice, "was my young lord, now Father de Lisle."

"Is it possible ?" said the Duchess ; "and yet, after the first moment, I am not surprised. A priest's life, especially in these days, and *here*, is a life of such heroic self-sacrifice that would well engage such a soul. Why do you wonder at it, Rose—you who admire all the things the saints did, which make me shudder ?"

"No ; I wondered only, in these days, when every Catholic family is of importance, that the last of the line of such an ancient house should have been suffered to give up all hope of perpetuating his."

"But the act of attainder has been passed."

"Has it ? I did not know it, but even yet——"

"I know what you would say, Rose—another monarch would restore it ; but trust me, Elizabeth Tudor will outlive you and me, Rose, even though we may not die young."

Rose half smiled.

"You don't believe me ? You will see ; death and our most mighty sovereign will have a tough battle together, I prophesy. But tell me more,

Rose, I am hungry for news. Is Father de Lisle stationed in London?"

"Yes, till he is betrayed, I suppose," said Rose sadly.

"Oh, no fear of that; his alliance with our house is a most powerful protection. Let him but be cautious, and he may stay here for a long time together. What rejoicing for you, Rose! you will be able to get so much that makes your happiness."

"The Sacraments?—yes," and Rose's hands were clasped and her eyes raised for a moment; then she perceived that Constance's eyes were full of tears. "Dearest lady," said Rose, kneeling down beside her, "would that they were joy to you also?"

The Duchess shook her head. "I was never meant to be a martyr or confessor, Rose. Your faith is not for me, but one cannot help envying, sometimes, the peace, the joy, the certainty, you seem to possess. See, Rose," she added, pointing to her boy, who had fallen asleep on her shoulder, "there is something to envy, to be a child like that, sleeping in its mother's arms in perfect peace."

"And so we may be, also, dearest lady—so may we sleep and rest in His arms, who remembereth better than a mother."

"Yes, yes," said Constance wearily; "'tis a lovely vision, but a vision only, to such as me.

Well, 'tis something to muse on—Walter de Lisle a priest! Rose, I will lay down this boy on my bed, and wilt thou arrange my hair, for I have tarried too long at my toilet.”

“Yes, truly, and it is my fault,” said Rose, rising quickly; “now I will do my best with all possible despatch.”

For ten years had Rose Ford been the waiting-maid of Constance, and it may easily be conceived how the tie had ripened into friendship. In times of hollowness and deception, when spies were in almost every household, Constance knew how to value the fidelity and affection of her attendant. She prized Rose as one of her greatest treasures, and with the continual thoughtfulness for others which made so lovely a part of her character, she strove in every way to make Rose happy. There was but one thing she knew Rose valued—the exercises of her religion, and all Constance’s wit and influence were exercised to procure this comfort for Rose. Very often did she gain for her admission into the chapels of the foreign embassies, which were closed against ordinary strangers with great vigilance; and whenever there was a secret meeting of the Catholics in some private house, which took place as often as a priest could be found, Rose generally was present, by her mistress’s contrivance. It was from one of these gatherings that she had returned on the morning

we have described. And by Rose's hands large alms were sent by Constance to many a hunted priest, and many a starving Catholic. Many a perishing one had been revived by Constance's care; and yet Constance was not Catholic. She was, indeed, one in heart and belief. There was not a point of faith that yet remained a difficulty, first with Walter, afterwards with Rose, she had become satisfied and convinced. But Constance counted the cost. The world, though sometimes it wearied her, was still too sweet to be relinquished. She put the thought from her, and went on winning love from all, and scattering benefits round her on all sides. With assistance and help furnished by the Duchess, Rose crept into many a miserable hole, and fed the hungry and clothed the naked, and the prayer of the poor and needy—that all-powerful prayer of gratitude—went up for Constance to the throne of God. Not yet was the gift of faith granted—or rather of strength to profess the faith. But there was a shield around Constance—a shield of angel's wings. In early youth, and of rare beauty, the wife of a man she loved not, and who was too indolent and simple to care for or watch over her, Constance found herself in the midst of the court of Elizabeth; a court which formed a strange contrast to the rigid purity of that of Mary Tudor,—a court ruled by a queen endowed

with a woman's weakness, without, apparently, one instinct of her nature,—a woman who had taken the hard and reasoning part of the masculine nature, without one spark of man's tenderness or the refinement so constantly found in the sternest characters. In the court of Elizabeth there were dangers without end or limit, and few were those who passed through it unscathed, at least in reputation. But one of these few was Constance: the fair name of the Duchess of Bertram was untouched. Fascinating and beloved, admired and sought after, she yet seemed to possess a clue which guided her through the maze. She did not know how it was herself, she often confessed to Rose her astonishment that her path was so smooth, but Rose, who knew with what might those secret prayers were rising up around her, wondered not; but she knew there must be an end—that the Duchess could not flutter through the world for ever: sorrow must come at last, and death; and Rose prayed on.

CHAPTER VI.

Doctor.—What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gentlewoman.—I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.—MACBETH.

ONE of the finest houses in the Strand belonged to the Beauville family. It was kept up in state and splendour, for, under the present Earl, there was a far greater expenditure than under the former, though he had been considered liberal. The principal rooms in the mansion were those which looked out on the river, and the long garden ran sloping down to the banks, where a boat-house and convenience for landing and embarking were to be found, as well as the barge in which the Earl and Countess were wont to sail. We need hardly have said the Countess, for of late years she had borne little part in festivities, and withdrawn into a retirement which it seemed strange, indeed, should be the choice of a young and beautiful woman, possessed of rank and wealth. It was said by some that the disappointment of having no family preyed upon the Countess's spirits. For the first time for many centuries had the house of Beauville failed in an heir, and the world said his mortification had done much to

estrangle the Earl from his wife, and render him, as he was, conspicuous for his gallantries, even in an age and in a court where the license was most free.

One large apartment in the house we speak of had been called for many years the Countess's bower, and had been occupied by successive noble ladies of Beauville. In this chamber sat Isabel, Countess of Beauville. The aspect of the "bower" had changed under her reign. There was neither lute or embroidery-frame, nor were there the young ladies of rank, who generally were companions of a noble lady's solitary hours. The present Countess loved to be alone, and the quantities of books piled up against the wall, the large table, covered with writing materials, near which she was sitting, showed plainly a taste cast in different directions. It was true, Isabel devoted herself entirely to study, and endeavoured in such a pursuit to find some solace for her great unhappiness.

Ten years have strangely altered this beautiful creature; for though her beauty has truly ripened since she has passed from girl to woman, there are lines on the countenance which tell of much endured; there is a depth of grief in those large and lustrous eyes which speak of tears—hot, blinding tears. At the moment we are describing, the Countess was sitting at her writing-table, and

holding in her hands a manuscript, evidently of age and value. She was giving her whole attention to deciphering it: at length she laid it down, and looking around the room as if to relieve her eyes, sighed deeply; it was not only the sigh of the overtasked student.

At this moment the arras which formed the doorway was pushed aside, and Rachel entered; the same faithful Rachel, who looked more than ten years older, and whose face wore also a look of sadness; but it was of a different kind to that of her mistress,—there was peace and resignation mingled with the grief of the simple-minded and faithful servant.

“An it please you, my lady,” said Rachel, “a gentleman without craves to speak to you.”

“On what business, and who is he?” said Isabel sharply.

“I do not know, my lady; but he is one of noble birth, I am certain from his bearing;—as he did not give his name, I did not like to ask.”

“Well, you must admit him, I suppose; perhaps,” and she smiled scornfully, “he has a favour to beg of the Earl, and seeks *my* intercession, poor soul.”

Rachel waited till her mistress had finished, and then departed. In another minute she returned, ushering in a gentleman whose dress, though plain, showed him of gentle blood. Isabel

scarcely glanced at him ; she had risen and bowed with a stiff and haughty manner, which had become habitual to her ; now reseating herself, she motioned her visitor also to a seat, and then said—

“What would you of me, sir?”

The stranger’s eyes were fixed on Isabel, and he answered in a voice whose gentle and clear tones made her heart give a sudden thrill.

“I am come, madam, to ask your alms towards the necessities of our poor persecuted fellow Catholics. You know well, I doubt not, the distress they endure for the sake of our holy faith.”

Isabel felt her heart stop beating for a moment ; but her face did not change,—her mask was worn too well. Her tone was more haughty and cold still, as she replied,—

“You mistake, sir, and I marvel the times teach you not more caution. The Earls of Beauville have been for many years Protestants.”

“Yes, madam,” again replied the thrilling voice, “the Earls, but not the Countesses. Surely I mistake not now, in thinking I address a daughter of De Lisle, a line which has remained faithful to their God !”

For a moment Isabel turned pale, but she recovered herself quickly. She rose from her seat—

"You are taking a liberty which I consider unwarrantable in a stranger. Your errand here will, however, be safe with me; but depart instantly, sir, I entreat you, and leave me in peace."

"*In peace*, Isabel," said the stranger, in a low and altered tone, as he rose and came nearer to her; and *could I* leave you in it I would go joyfully."

Isabel started; she looked up into his face with a sudden glance of recognition, which changed into agony, and then sank on the ground, crouching at his feet.

"Have pity on me," she gasped. "Walter, have pity."

"Pity!" said he, stooping over her, and speaking in tones of the utmost tenderness. "My sister, my Isabel, I have not come to speak harsh words, but to bid you look to peace, and hope, and life. Ah, how miserable are you, my Isabel; I see it written on your face, and hear it in your voice; the reed on which you leant has pierced your hand; come back, then, to Him who will never fail you; on whom if you lean He will carry you through all sorrow. Come to the Good Shepherd, my Isabel."

"No, no, Walter," she answered, raising her head, "it is impossible; I am lost, I know it. I dare not face my husband's anger. I will not

leave him ; I will not tear myself away even from the mocking shadow of his love. No," her voice grew calm and hard, "I have chosen ; we both have chosen. You cast aside every hope of life to follow the Cross of Christ ; I cast away faith and my hopes of heaven for earthly love ; let us abide by our choice ; verily we shall both have our reward."

"And our mother, Isabel," he answered,—“have you forgotten *her* ? have you forgotten her dying bed, and her last words, and her burial-day, and Father Gerald ? He is dead now, Isabel—dead for love of Christ, he died in my arms, praying for you. Have you forgotten Castle de Lisle and the days of your happy, holy youth ?”

"No, I have not *forgotten*," she answered ; "I can see each leaf on the trees that line the terraced walk ; I can almost count the blades of grass ; I can hear in the still night the ripple of the brook and the song of the passing bird. You have not brought back those memories, they haunt me ever, ever ! Have pity on me, Walter ; you have done your best ; now leave me, for truly it is not safe for you to tarry long."

Walter drew back, and his face changed—changed from the tender yearning with which he had looked on her, to the stern and yet sweet expression of one whose office is to rebuke.

"I have spoken to you," he said, "as brother

to sister, as children of one mother, as those bound together with a tender human love; but I speak now as priest to sinner, as shepherd to a lost and wandering sheep. Not in ignorance have you sinned, but with the full light shining in your eyes. You sold your birthright for a mess of this world's miserable joys, and if you do not repent, great and awful will be the punishment. Oh, think you well, have you really chosen? When we sin wilfully, we say we are lost, 'tis a common speech; think you we know what we mean? In flames for ever; in unutterable torments; to have the face of God for ever turned in wrath upon us,—God in whom we live, and move, and have our being. We fancy in this world we can hide from God. No such thing, He is around us, even the most sinful. His breath is our life. Isabel, do you choose death, eternal death, where the fire is not quenched?"

Isabel rose from the ground. Her face was pale, but determined.

"You have done your duty, Walter, and now, farewell. I have chosen my own path, and will bear my own risks. Spare me the agony of seeing you again, or worse, bidding my servants turn you from my doors. We *have* chosen: you for heaven,—I for earth. Let me at least enjoy, as best I may, my share of the compact."

She stood waiting for his answer—hard, cold,

and resolute. Walter's eyes did not seek hers; they were raised to heaven. He said, as if speaking to himself, "Yes, it is the last time, for the way must be long." He roused himself. "Farewell, my poor sister! May God, in His great mercy, have pity on you ere it is too late."

He was gone, and Isabel threw herself on the ground, and gave full vent to a storm of passionate grief. There struggling, almost with convulsions, her husband found her an hour afterwards.

"Are you distraught, Countess of Beauville?" said he, angrily; "or deem you this the way to keep me at your side, as you often beseech me. Let me have no more of it,—let me, at least, find peace when I do come home. Verily, I do not trouble you too much with my company!"

"Beauville," said Isabel, kneeling at his feet, "I have given up all for you—even heaven itself—and you spurn me as you would the very dogs from your footstool. This is not just. Give me either the love for which I sold my soul, or give me back that soul."

"Your soul!" said her husband scornfully; "does every girl who falls in love lose her soul? I trow heaven will be an empty place!"

"Beauville, do not mock me; you know well

my meaning. Let me be reconciled with the faith I have denied with my lips (God knows, not with my heart)."

"Now, by Heaven," said the earl, "some recusant hath been with thee this very day, in this house—my house! Who is it, woman? An thou tellest me not, I will kill thee at my feet!"

But the violence of threat and manner had no effect on Isabel. She answered not, and did not shudder in his grasp of iron.

"I know it," he said, starting; "'tis thy brother come hither—no other would have dared. Thou canst not deny it, Isabel."

The look of mute terror on the white face told him.

"Thou *wilt* not harm him?"

The earl grew cool directly.

"Tush, tush! I am not going to hurt the idiot; I have my hands too full for such employments. But one thing I must insist, and that, he comes hither no more, and that I have no more of these scenes with you in consequence."

"No, no!" said Isabel eagerly, "you never shall. I will be still and will bear all, and he is not coming again; I bade him not. We have parted for aye."

"And a good thing too!" said her husband, carelessly. "Now, fair countess, if I were you, I

would call my damsels to tire me afresh ; for all these conflicts have disordered both dress and beauty."

And Isabel obeyed ; and the earl, humming the air of a love-song then in vogue, quitted the apartment.

CHAPTER VII.

"There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And, next to love, the sweetest thing is hate ;
I've learn'd to hate, and therefore am revenged."

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

It was a bleak, cold day, and the east wind swept keenly along the streets, driving the clouds of dust before it, and making the passers-by shiver and hurry on more quickly. The streets were, indeed, almost empty, and the few people in them all seemed those who were intent on business. Among them was one whose rapid step, and the searching glances he cast around, marked him as evidently occupied upon some weighty matter. His cloak, of the finest cloth, and richly trimmed with sable, was wrapped round him, and drawn up close to his chin. His long boots were lined and trimmed with the same fur. His hat was slouched over his face, as if he shrank from observation ; while his whole appearance was that of one who would generally have sent others to do his bidding among the narrow and dirty streets along which he was winding his way. At length he reached his destination, when, on perceiving the tavern of the "Wild Boar," he at once entered the tap-room. It was crowded ; loud talking and

laughing were going on, and oaths and curses were flying in all directions. Near the fire was seated one group, consisting of about twelve or fifteen men. Most seemed to be of the lower ranks ; some were half drunk, and each face displayed a variety only in vice and brutality. But on the outside of the group, his arm leaning on the back of his seat, his wine-cup in his other hand, sat one whom a keen observer of human nature would at once detect to be a deeper sort of villain. He was slightly made, better dressed than his companions, and there were no marks of habitual intemperance on his somewhat pale face and deep-set, glittering eyes. It was this man whom the eye of the stranger sought, and to him he advanced, and, laying his hand on his shoulder, said, in a whisper, "A word with you in private, good Master Eliot."

Eliot started from his seat, and, in an obsequious manner, led the gentleman into one of the small rooms that opened from the bar, closing the door after him. The parley lasted about ten minutes, and they came forth together, still conversing in whispers.

"The thing is easy enough," said Eliot, "now I understand your wishes, for, generally such of these fools that have relatives high in the state plume themselves on the privilege, and go on unmolested."

"See thou dost thy errand quickly, good Master," returned the other, "and thy reward shall be ample."

"Well, well, my—sir, I would say, these things will take time. It is oftentimes a hard matter to hunt out these foxes from their lair; but you may depend on it it is done at last."

"But I tell thee I cannot wait," replied the visitor. "Didst thou ever know what it is to be hungry for revenge?"

"Well, well," responded Eliot, with a look of diabolical malice darkening his face.

"Then," responded the other, "thou canst understand that it must be done at once, and I pay; but delay is fatal."

"I undertake it," answered Eliot, briefly, and with a hasty nod.

The stranger was about to depart, when the host, coming forward, exclaimed,—

"Good, my masters; part ye not, surely, without tasting my good wine. Thou shalt pledge thy *friend*," continued he to the stranger.

He started for a moment in displeasure; some patrician blood was roused at the link between him and the lowborn villain; but, controlling himself, he answered,—

"Thou dost well to remind me, mine host. Fill us up two cups." And then, taking one of them, he turned to Eliot, and said,—“I pledge thee

to the success of our enterprise." And after having drained the cup, he flung down a gold piece in payment, and strode out of the tavern.

Two days after this conversation, when the shades of evening were beginning to fall, Master Eliot was seen walking leisurely along the streets in the neighbourhood of the "Wild Boar." He turned at last into a little court, where the houses were of the poorest kind. He entered one of them, and after ascending two pairs of stairs, he opened, without knocking, the door of a small and miserable room. In it Eliot, though not a tall man, could hardly stand upright. There was scarcely any furniture in the room; a heap of straw was in one corner, a large embroidery-frame, carefully covered over, stood in another, and near the hearth, upon which there were a few dying embers, sat, or half-crouched, a woman, attired in a cloak with a large hood, which was drawn partly over her head and face. She did not rise, or move, or start, at Eliot's entrance. He seized a stool, which was near the work-frame, and sat down near her.

"You have no welcome for me, Maud."

There was no answer.

Eliot uttered an oath. "Then if you can't be civil, you must attend to me, for I have business with thee, and desire not to tarry long in this accursed hole."

Maud raised her head, and displayed a face so

pale and haggard, so marked and seamed with suffering, that might have provoked pity in the most heartless. Eliot did seem for a moment staggered.

"How awfully ill thou lookest, Maud. Why wilt thou be so obstinate, and refuse the gold I would gladly give thee? Here, take!" and he put his hand in his pocket.

"No," said Maud, speaking for the first time, in a low and hollow voice. "We have settled that point before. No gold from *thee*. Better hunger, better death."

Eliot responded with another imprecation.

"Then starve, an' thou listest; and now hearken. The Catholic serving-maiden of the Duchess of Bertram comes hither to-morrow."

A look of astonishment was visible on Maud's face.

"Ah, thinkest thou *I* do not know who comes hither? Never dream, Maud, to hide from me. I would follow thee and track thee to the land's end."

"Well," said Maud, bitterly, "supposing she does come hither; what harm is that? Surely the tiring-woman of the Protestant Duchess is not an object of thy vengeance?"

"I desire that you find out from her to-morrow where a certain priest called De Lisle, a kinsman of her mistress, is staying."

"No," said Maud; "I will do no such thing. Thou shalt harm no one through *me*. Work thy devilish trade I never will."

Eliot's pale face was paler still with passion; he did not answer, but rising, and going towards the heap of straw, he lifted the coverings, and underneath there lay a child, a little girl of three years old.

"What dost thee there?" exclaimed Maud, springing after him frantically. "Wilt harm my child?"

"She must wake, and go with me."

"Whither?"

"Where I please. I shall do as I list; she is as my child, and I have absolute power over her. She goes with me, and you will look no more on her face."

"Monster! thou canst not—darest not do this crime."

"If thou refuse my request. Do my bidding, and you shall stay in peace together."

Maud fell on her knees, and clasped her hands.

"It is like staining my hands with blood, and through her; deceit to her, who has but just taught me to hope for mercy, has just led me back to God with her angel voice. Eliot, thou meanest death to this man?"

"Certainly not," returned he; "and I would have told thee so, an thou hadst been reasonable."

Is it likely the kinsman of the Duchess, and the brother of the Lady Beauville should die? but he will be fined heavily, and half, at least, will be the informer's. I want gold—must have it; that is the whole."

"Art thou deceiving me?" cried Maud. "If this be all, I could do it."

"Judge for yourself, fool," answered he. "What object can I have in deceiving *thee*? And judge quickly, or I take the child."

"I consent," said Maud, hastily; "I will do it. God forgive me! Now leave me, in mercy. To-morrow night, if thou wilt come, I will have the news ready."

Without another word, Eliot departed.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Yet still as calmly prays he on ;
Let life or death betide,
His God upon the altar lies,—
Cares he for ought beside ? ”

HISTORICAL BALLADS.

It was scarcely light on a day in early summer, and the stillness which is peculiar to the hour before sunrise hung over the country. It was a bare and desolate-looking piece of ground, in the outskirts of London ; the ground was flat and the trees were few, so that a lonely farm-house, which in itself was most insignificant, stood out as a remarkable object for some distance. This farm-house was indeed a lone one ; the straggling outskirts of town ceased before Tyborne was reached, and the little villages of Fulham and Hammer-smith were some miles distant.

Towards this house, at the early hour we have mentioned, several persons were seen approaching. Each comer scrutinized the other with a somewhat searching glance, and each and all hesitated who should be the first to approach the door. At length a sturdy yeoman, who was accompanied by his wife and daughter, broke the spell. There was no instant admittance ; the door was strongly barred and girded with iron ; a small grating

enabled those within to see and hold parley with the comers, and a man of strong and stalwart appearance was behind the grating.

“And who comes hither?” he said.

“Friends,” was the answer.

“What is the pass?”

“In this I trust,” was the reply; and the bolts were slowly withdrawn, and the party entered.

The same ceremony was gone through with each successive party, till at last a goodly number were assembled. It was observable that these visitors entered slowly and silently, and all ascended the stairs which led to a large room at the back of the house. A table at the end of this unfurnished room, with its white covering, its tapers and crucifix, told plainly that the Catholics round this part of London had come thither for the exercise of their proscribed religion. Through the door of an adjoining room could be dimly seen, half in shade, the figure of one in priestly robes, who was hearing the confessions of those who desired to make them before Mass. Almost every one in the congregation had this purpose, for the administration of the Sacraments being so rare, were precious indeed to the fainting souls of the Catholics.

At length this duty was concluded, and the priest began to put on his vestments for Mass. It was a feast of Our Lady, and he was vested in

white. They were not gorgeous, those vestments,—not such as gleam with jewels or are rich with costly lace,—they were poor and shabby; but the holy symbols which the Church has attached to each article worn by a priest at Mass, had a more awful significance in those days of dread and terror, and one might have judged from the expression on the face of Father De Lisle that his thoughts were indeed with the Passion of his Lord, as he put on the amice in token of His blindfolding, and bound round his waist and neck the stole and girdle that were the shadows of the bonds of JESUS.

“Shall I ever forget,” said Arthur Leslie, long years after—“shall I ever forget that Mass—the deep and profound silence in the room—the rapt devotion of each worshipper? How shall I describe the priest! He moved as one might fancy an angel would have done; and surely an almost angelic purity hung about him. His clear, melodious voice sounded as if from heaven; and I saw plainly—and many others with me—rays of light which played round his head.* Oh! with what gaze those eyes were fixed upon the Host at elevation. It seemed like faith dawning into vision! A secret warning told me this would be his last Mass, and my thoughts wandered for a moment to a description he had once given me of

* See Challoner.

his first Mass. That was said in the Cathedral at Rheims, while Father Mordaunt guided his hands, and more than one bishop, with a vast concourse of clergy, were present. The high rank of the young priest—his future to be spent in blood-shedding England, excited much interest, and drew a large multitude. Triumphantly the Mass was sung, and at its close knights and ladies of noble rank, together with crowds of poor, came to kiss the anointed hands of the new priest. Such was his first Mass, and this was his last.

“In an empty ‘upper chamber’ in a desolate house, a few trembling and hunted people to assist, who held their breath with fear. But which most like the first and last Mass of the First Priest. More like it still it grew. Communion was nearly over—the last circle of recipients were kneeling around the altar, waiting for the Bread of Life, when the sudden trampling of horses around the house, the thundering of staves against the door, and the loud cries of ‘Open, in the queen’s name,’ told that, like his Lord, the servant, too, was betrayed.

“Father, you must hide!” was hastily whispered; but Walter was as though he heard it not. He moved from one to the other, giving the Holy Communion, and then turned to finish the Mass. No one said any more; all felt it would be useless. Father De Lisle feared instant

death far less than any profaning of the Holy Mysteries. It was useless, also, to contend with the armed force who were battering at the portal, or to enrage them with any further delay; so the heavy door swung back, and the party of pursuivants, headed by Eliot, entered.

"Some had better stay outside," said Eliot to the captain of the guard, "lest haply some foul play chance us in this hideous hole;" and he then rushed upstairs with frantic haste, as if endowed with the scent of a bloodhound.

Walter De Lisle was reading the last Gospel: so calm was his manner, so unmoved the tones of his voice, that Eliot even stood still. Walter turned from the altar and faced his foes.

"Seize him!" said Eliot; and two of the pursuivants laid hands on him.

"I shall not resist," said the priest with dignity, "only suffer me, I pray you, to take off the garments of mine office, which are not seemly to wear save for the functions."

"Yes, let him take off those rags of papistry," said Eliot; "and Will (to one of the men), where is that fool's coat thou despoiled that poor fool of as we rode hither—thinkest thou not it would do marvellously well to attire *this* fool with?"

The men laughed coarsely, and the garment was produced. It was the fool's coat, made of patchwork of various gay colours, and of gro-

tesque design, such as was worn by the jesters then attached to the household of each person of distinction.

"But before we do so," said Eliot, "thou must be searched, Master De Lisle."

Then for the first time Arthur saw his friend's face change. He came eagerly forward to offer money, that the indignity might be omitted, but Eliot was roused :

"There is some secret, then," he exclaimed—"search him instantly !"

It was not the fear of insult that made the confessor's heart quail; but Walter, like most other priests of the times, obliged to travel from place to place, always carried on his breast a small silver pyx, in which rested the Blessed Sacrament; and a pang of unutterable horror took possession of his mind at the thought of the profanation which would now be offered to the body of his Lord.

"Shame on my faithless heart," said he afterwards to Arthur, "why did I not know that He who once passed through the midst of them, and went His way, could triumph again."

They dragged Walter into another room, Arthur alone accompanying him, and they began the search, seasoning it with coarse jokes and ribaldry, excited by Eliot. Loud was the laughter when they discovered the hair shirt and

girdle of steel, with which the saint kept under his flesh; but though every garment was dragged from him, there was visible to no mortal eye save the priest's, the consecrated pyx. He felt its sweet weight upon his bosom, and rude hands came close to it, and seemed as if they were laid upon it, and yet it was never discovered.* At length the search was ended, and Walter resumed his clothes. The soldiers arrayed him in the fool's coat,† and, dragging him down stairs, prepared to tie him hand and foot across a horse.

"Thou art grateful for this kind treatment, art thou not, master?" said Eliot mockingly. "There is no hope left for *me*, after the grievous sin of thus handling thee!"

"Nay, Master Eliot," said Walter, "I forgive thee from my heart; and wouldst thou but do penance, and confess thy sin, I would it were by my voice thou shouldst hear the words of absolution."‡

Eliot replied only by striking him, and ordering the men to hurry; and so, in this guise, the journey to Newgate was made.

As they advanced into town, a mob began to collect, and, swayed as they generally are by a wanton desire of mischief, amused themselves by

* A fact.

† See Challoner.

‡ See "Life of Campian."

hooting, shouting, and throwing mud and stones at Walter.

The gates of Newgate were reached, and here Arthur, who had followed his friend, was compelled to leave him.

Once again was the Countess Beauville sitting in her bower, but though it is not many days since we last saw her there, there is yet a change in her beautiful face,—the sadness has deepened, and there is a shadow of despair mingled with it. Her hands clench, more than hold her books, and her foot taps against the floor with the nervous motion of those who suffer mentally. When she hears the slightest noise, she starts and trembles; and when, therefore, the arras was put aside with a hasty hand, she started to her feet in sudden terror; but on perceiving the intruder was only her sister-in-law, the Duchess of Bertram, she reseated herself, and all her haughty composure came back in an instant. Her eyes did certainly rest on Constance with surprise, for the appearance of the fair Duchess was different from its wont. Her dress was disordered, and her manner perturbed, and there was a strange anxiety on the face of her who generally went smiling through life. She came up to Isabel, saying, “Do you know what I have come to speak about?” The Countess had a touch of her old scorn in her voice, as she answered,

“Certainly not.”

“Then I have painful news to tell you : your brother is in Newgate.”

Isabel turned very pale, and gasped for breath.

“Dear Isabel,” went on Constance, “do not be alarmed, ’tis but for a day ; for one word from Beauville is all-powerful with Walsingham. But there is now some frightful mistake, and it is about that I hurried to speak. On hearing of the sad event, I sent a message to Newgate, to tell the governor to whom Father de Lisle was allied, and to beg him to treat him with all courtesy till his kinsman could procure his release ; and the man came back to say the governor laughed and said it was Lord Beauville himself who had put De Lisle in prison, and wished to pursue him to the uttermost.”

“’Tis false, they lie foully,” said Isabel, starting to her feet, her eyes glaring. “He never did this thing.”

“I know it, I feel sure of it,” answered Constance. “Be calm, dearest Isabel, and all will yet be well.”

As she spoke, the arras was lifted and the Earl entered. Isabel sprang towards him.

“Tell me, thou hast not done this thing ; I know thou hast not, canst not.”

“What means this?” said the Earl ; “what is all this turmoil ?”

"It is my fault, Beauville," said his sister; "I have roused Isabel to agony by news I have brought her of her brother, not only that he is in Newgate, but that by some strange mistake the governor asserts it is by thy contrivance."

"Thou *hast not*?" said Isabel, again grasping his arm.

The Earl looked at her. "Yes I have."

There was a moment's silence. Isabel gazed at him as if she did not comprehend; and the look of malice in his face made Constance turn faint. "I have," said the Earl; "and hear me yet: this man is your brother, Isabel, but he is my enemy,—I hate him; and thou knowest not, perhaps, what means a Beauville's hate; know it then now: every torture that law permits shall be executed upon that man, and at last a shameful death. If he recant, well,—the law saves him; but if not, as sure as Elizabeth is queen and Walsingham hath power, Walter de Lisle is doomed."

She listened, and she was still, quite still, her face pale and ghastly; she clasped her hands together, and looked up to heaven, and then she said—and the tones of her voice rang in Constance's ear for long years afterwards,—“O God, O God, my punishment *is greater* than I can bear.”

And in these words, Constance discerned not only the anguish for Walter, but the breaking of the

heart's idol, the snapping of a life's hope. She moved towards the door, but ere she reached it, she sank on the ground insensible. Lord Beauville called for Rachel, and without a word to his sister, left the room. Constance went home, bidding Rachel send word how her mistress was. Before night, she heard the countess was raving in brain fever.

Note.—"It must be here observed that Mr. Nappier had his *pix* with him, and in it two consecrated hosts ; and, as he owned to me several times, when he heard Sir Francis give the constable orders to search, he was under the greatest concern, for fear lest the Blessed Sacrament should fall into their hands, and be exposed to some profane or sacrilegious treatment. And he further assured me, not without tears in his eyes, that, whereas the search was most strict, even so far that his shoes were pulled off in the presence of the justice, that nothing might escape them ; and whereas, also, in searching of his pockets, the constable, to his feeling, had his hands many times both upon the *pix* and a small reliquary, yet neither of them were discovered, to the great surprise and no less joy of the good man."—*Life of George Nappier, Priest.*

"Here, on the next day, Mr. Genings being at the consecration, Topcliffe, the arch priest-catcher, with other officers, came in and broke open the chamber door, where he was celebrating. . . . And the more to make him a scoff to the people, they vested him in a ridiculous fool's coat, which they found in Mr. Wells' house."—*Life of Edmund Genings, Priest.*

CHAPTER IX.

“ Oh, what a change hath the prison wrought,
Since we gazed upon him last ;
And mournful the lessons his thin frame taught,
Of the sufferings he had pass'd.”—NEALE.

IN Newgate Walter was at first thrown into the common prison. The ward or dungeon in which he was placed, was full of prisoners accused of the most revolting crimes. They were pent up like a set of wild beasts, with hardly light or air, and the stench of the place was so insupportable that Walter on his entrance almost fainted. He was heavily ironed, and left to find his place as he could. The appearance of such a stranger among them, naturally excited the curiosity of the prisoners, and Walter seemed able from the first to exercise a sort of control over them, and the worst language was hushed in his presence, though enough that was horrible went on. The only sort of seat in the dungeon was a kind of bench, in the wall, and this was assigned to Walter, who lay there at night, and when the prison was comparatively still, found time to pray ; for his spirit, yearning for the salvation of others, was tortured by the sights and sounds of sin around him. In this dungeon he became an

apostle, and when he preached to the poor wretches around him, all listened and none mocked, and during the ten or twelve days he was immured there, several were won by his words to change their lives. It was the rumour of this change that induced the governor to alter Walter's position. He was removed from this ward, his irons were struck off, and he was employed as one of the scavengers. From early morning until night, Walter was kept at work, and the most menial offices were his; and when, worn out with exhaustion, he would sometimes rest for a few minutes, a blow or kick roused him.

"I will humble him somehow," said the governor; and yet as the days went on, the pale face wore still its look of peace, and of perfect serenity.

"Here, prisoner," said one of the under-jailers, approaching him one day, "here is other work for you; follow me."

Walter followed him into a different part of the prison, along many passages, and down an immense flight of steps. At length Walter found himself in a large dungeon, which he immediately recognized as the well-known torture-chamber. Several executioners stood ready; while at a table sat the governor, and Eliot by his side, ready to take down in writing the prisoner's confessions.

"Ha, Master De Lisle," said Eliot, "it is determined by the Privy Council to interrogate you concerning certain matters. They desire to know exactly at what houses you tarried during your stay in England, the names of the persons who at any time confessed to you, or who by you were reconciled to the Church of Rome."

"All these questions," answered Walter, "I decline to answer."

"Put the prisoner on the rack," said Eliot, coolly; and two men seized Walter, and after stripping off some of his upper clothing, they placed him in the rack. It was a large frame of oak, raised three feet from the ground. Walter was laid on his back upon the floor, his wrists and ancles were then fastened by cords to rollers attached to each end of the frame.

Eliot now began to repeat his questions, and as Walter continued silent, the rollers began to creak and turn. For some time the sufferer was quite still; but as the operation went on, the agony forced out words, but they were words only of prayer. The Name that is above every name was earnestly invoked, and the "Help of the afflicted" was appealed unto. At length Walter fainted, and was then released from his trial.

"Take him hence, jailer," said Eliot. "Let him recover his strength, and then we will try the gauntlets and the scavenger's daughter. Ah,

I deem we will break that haughty will at last, when we let torture do its worst."

From this time Walter had a cell to himself, and better food. He was also allowed occasional intercourse with his friends; for Eliot deemed by this means to extract further information from him. Arthur Leslie, whose one employment was to endeavour, by every possible means, to procure a pardon for him, but as yet without success, came frequently.

No sooner was Walter recovered, when Eliot fulfilled his threat, and he again visited the torture-chamber. This time Walter was not taken by surprise, and he had been daily arming himself for the conflict. On his arrival at the door of the dungeon, he fell on his knees, and, looking up to heaven,* cried for help.

"Strengthen me, O Lord my God; by the remembrance of Thy scourging and Thy bitter passion help me in this hour."

"We will try thee to-day with the bracelets," said Eliot, as Walter entered, "and see if they will not squeeze out the truth from thee, thou obstinate villain."

"God forgive thee, Master Eliot," said Walter, looking at him. "I pray that none may deal with thee as thou dost with me."

* See "Life of Campian."

“Do not answer me,” cried Eliot, furiously.
“Ho! varlets there; let us not lose time.”

Walter was now led to one end of the room. From side to side of the ceiling stretched a long and heavy wooden beam. He was then made to mount three planks of wood, which brought him sufficiently near the beam to enable his hands to be thrust into iron rings, which thus attached him to it. By means of a screw, these gradually compressed the wrists. As soon as it was made fast, the men withdrew the lower piece of wood, causing a sudden jerk, and a rush of blood through the whole body. The two other planks were then withdrawn, and Walter was suspended in the air. The anguish of this posture was past words to describe.

“Wilt thou come down from the cross?” was said, if not in words, in deed.

“Say but one word!” exclaimed Eliot—“name one of those who have confessed to thee, and thou art released.”

And the answer was, “Jesu, help! Lord Jesu, forsake me not! By Thy three hours on the tree save Thy servant!”

“He has fainted, Master Eliot,” said one of the men; “will you that we let him down?”

“Replace the wood under his feet,” said Eliot, “and throw water on him.”

It was done, and in a few minutes Walter

recovered. He drank some of the dirty water the men offered him, and felt revived.

"Wilt thou speak now?" demanded Eliot.

Walter made no answer.

"Let the torture continue, then," said Eliot, coolly going back to his seat.

The wood was taken away, and the screws again began to work, till the gauntlets were literally buried in the flesh! Again and again fainting-fits released him for a time from his agony, and again and again the torture recommenced. It was five hours before Eliot was weary of his torturous work, and Walter was carried back to his cell. There was Arthur waiting for him, and tears flowed from his eyes as he beheld the bruised and worn frame of his friend.

"Nay, hush, my Arthur," said Walter, in answer to his words of burning indignation; "it pains me to hear thee rave thus. I thank God from my heart for permitting me to witness for His name. You know not how near it seems to bring me to the Cross; how it makes me realize in some sort the anguish of Calvary."

"But it is not witnessing for Christ," cried Arthur indignantly; "think you not that in history it will be recorded only that ye died as traitors? think ye not that Walsingham can cast a veil over the atrocities of Elizabeth's reign?"

"There is One stronger than an earthly governor," replied Walter. "In His own good

time the truth shall be told, and England know for what cause we suffer. Give me some water, Arthur, an it please you,—my thirst is burning : ah, my friend, there was One who thirsted, and had no water to drink.”

“I am determined to conquer him,” said Eliot ; “even if I kill him in the torture, I will do it.”

And so, day after day, Walter was dragged forth,—sometimes stretched on the rack, sometimes suspended by the gauntlets, till Eliot, wearied with his patience and endurance, resolved to resort to the fearful punishment known as the scavenger’s daughter, which, being of so frightful a nature, was seldom used. The governor of Newgate shrank back when this design was mentioned, but De Lisle’s torturing had been given into Eliot’s hands, and he had no power to interfere.

Walter, who had been allowed some days’ respite from torment, had partially recovered strength ; moreover, by Arthur’s contrivance, a disguised priest had gained admittance to him, and he had thus received absolution and communion, and his spirit was strengthened within him, and he went calmly when he was called, feeling sure something more cruel than usual was in prospect.

In the centre of the room there was a large hoop of iron, which opened, and fastened with a hinge. Walter was made to kneel on the pave-

ment, and compress his body as much as possible. One executioner knelt upon his shoulders, while others passed the hoop under his legs. They then pressed the victim's body till they were able to fasten the hoop over the back. This done, they began to question the sufferer: "One word, one name," went on the tempter; and the reply was only in a low moan, and sometimes the words would come out, "Jesu, Jesu." The blood gushed plentifully from Walter's nostrils, and the governor turned away in horror. Eliot went on unconcernedly:

"'Tis thy own fault. Answer me but one word—the names of recusants whom thou hast received to confession,—and thou art free."

"Dear Lord and Master," said the martyr, "remember me."

Near the entrance of the chamber stood a man wrapped in a cloak, who had hitherto passed for one of the prison attendants; he had been quivering with agony, and now came forward, and, throwing himself by Walter, said in a broken voice, "I can bear it no longer; speak, father, I entreat thee, and save thyself."

Walter's half-glazing eyes were turned upon him. "His rod and His staff, they comfort me. More pain, Lord, if thou wilt, and more patience," he said.

"Ah, who is this that dares interrupt the

scene !” cried Eliot furiously : “ another recusant, I dare say. To prison with him ! ”

“ An by your leave, not so fast, Master Eliot,” said the governor ; “ ’tis a kinsman of mine, and a Protestant, but a young man of noble parts, who loves not to witness such hang-dog work. Is it your will the torture ceases ? it hath lasted an hour, and it were too long, to my mind.”

“ The time allowed in extreme cases of obstinacy is an hour and a half,” said Eliot, “ and I shall insist on it to-day.”

For another half-hour the anguish went on ; at its close Walter was taken out insensible, and with drops of blood trickling from hands and feet—it was his last racking.

A few days afterwards the governor entered Walter’s cell.

“ To-morrow being Sunday, good Master De Lisle,” said he, “ some of our divines are anxious to hold a disputation with you on the doctrines of Popery, being desirous to convince you of the error of your ways. Doth it please you to attend ? ”

“ At any other time, sir,” returned Walter, “ I will gladly do my poor best to defend our cause ; but now I am so enfeebled, you perceive, I have scarce power of utterance.”

“ True, true,” said the governor, compassionately ; “ I see it, and I am sorry, for it will be said, of course, that you fear to come.”

“Nay, then,” said Walter, “I will essay to be there, at all events, and when the good masters perceive my state, they will see clearly how unfit an antagonist I am. Where is the meeting to be?”

“In the chapel,” answered the governor; “at one of the clock you shall be sent for.”

The following day, at the appointed hour, Walter was conducted between two jailers. The chapel was crowded with people, and one minister was standing in the desk for prayer, while the others were seated near him. Close by them, and so, conspicuously in sight of all, a chair was placed for Walter. He had hardly reached it when one minister began to read the “Service of Common Prayer.” Instantly Walter perceived the trick, and, weak as he was, he endeavoured to reach the door and escape; but it was closely shut, and his jailers held him by force in his seat. Then he began to recite aloud the Vespers for the day, and, much as the exertion cost him, his loud and melodious voice drowned that of the reader: there was great confusion, many rose to their feet, many whispered, some talked aloud. The minister raised his voice higher and higher; but, above it all, and through the din, rose up the clear words of triumph and faith,—“*Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, et humilia respicit in cœlo et in terra.*”

At length the service, if it may be called so,

was brought to a conclusion, and the minister in towering anger descended the stairs. The men released their hold on Walter; he instantly rose, and, getting on the chair, exclaimed in a loud voice,—

“Hearken, good people; I call Almighty God and His holy angels to be my witness, I came not hither of my own will, but by stratagem; and when I would have departed, have been kept by force; I would rather die a thousand deaths than communicate in an heretical worship.”*

“Thou art mad,” said the governor, coming forward; “thou mightest have life and liberty, hadst thou behaved quietly here to-day. Your blood be on your head; I wash my hands of ye, and can do no more;—get thee back to prison.”

* See “Life of William Davies, Priest.”

Note.—“He was so cruelly torn and rent upon the torture, that he told a friend of his that he thought they meant to make away with him in that manner.”—*Life of Edmund Campian*.

“Mr. White, lying in Bridewell at the mercy of the inhuman Topcliffe or Topcliffe, besides other cruel treatment, was once hung up for eight hours together by the hands in iron manacles, to oblige him to confess in whose houses he had said Mass.”—*Life of Eustachius White*.

CHAPTER X.

"Campian I desired to imitate, whom only love for his country and zeal for the house of God consumed before his time. You shall not want priests. We were three hundred in England; you have put a hundred to death; the other two hundred are left. When they are gone, two hundred more are ready to come in their places; and for my part, I hope my death will do more good than ever my life could have done."—WILLIAM HARRINGTON, Priest.

ON a certain sultry day in July, the court at King's Bench was crowded, for it was understood the trial of Walter De Lisle would come on that day, and the strong interest always felt at the trials of recusants was heightened in this case.

The gallery was occupied chiefly by ladies, and among them were two who sat forward so as to command a good view of the court, and those who knew the great ones of the time might have recognized them as being the French ambassadress and the Duchess of Bertram.

A cause was going on as they entered. A tall, fine-looking man was standing at the bar, and clinging to his arm was a lady, pale as death, whose suffering in the position she found herself was evidently extreme.

"Verily, Master Lydar," said the judge, "the charges have been proved against thee, both of obstinately refusing to go to church and also of

harbouring a priest, one Master Paterson, now awaiting his trial in the prison of Bridewell; thou art certainly guilty, Master Lydar, and if I give sentence, thou must pay fines which will swallow up, if I mistake not, the whole of thy estate. But the queen is merciful; repent of thy recusancy, go to church, and all is forgiven."

A red flush burnt on Master Lydar's face; he looked at his wife, whose glance of anguish met his; he thought of his children brought to beggary, and the lie trembled on his lips.

"Very well, my lord, I submit,—I will go to church."

There was a moment's pause, and then, ere the judge could answer, the silence was broken by a clear thrilling voice, both powerful and sweet,—

"John Lydar, what hast thou done?"

A sudden rustle ran through the court; every head was turned in one direction. Inside the bar, attended by two jailers, was a tall, graceful figure, of one fearfully emaciated, but who walked without sign of fear, while the fire that flashed from his sunken eyes spoke of undaunted resolution, and the peace written on every feature told of a strength which neither judge nor monarch could subdue.

The effect on John Lydar was electrical, while his wife started from his side, and the colour came into her cheeks. The court was so taken

by surprise, that no one spoke, and Walter continued,—

“ ‘What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?’ ”

“My lord,” said Lydar, turning to the judge, “I pray you let me have my word back again. I do confess before all men, it was through fear of punishment I yielded.”

“Look well what thou dost, Master Lydar, and be not deceived; the penalty is hard to bear.”

“I know it; nevertheless, I will bear it, my lord. Give me back my word.”

“Well,” said the judge, “if thou be so earnest, thou shalt have thy word again, say what thou wilt.”

While the judge was speaking, the Lord Mayor, the Recorder of the city, and the Bishop of London were taking their places on the bench, in readiness for Walter’s trial; and when Lydar had thus re-affirmed his faith, Walter stepped forward and laid his hand on Lydar’s head.

“Hold, hold!” cried the Bishop of London; “look ye, my lord judge, he is reconciling a recusant in the open court.”

“Separate the prisoners,” said the judge,—and his order was obeyed; but the deed was done,—the words were spoken,—and calmly now did Lydar and his wife listen to their sentence, im-

mediately after which they were removed from court, and Walter was placed at the bar.*

The names of the jury were then called over, in compliance with the form of giving the accused the right to object to any of them; but every one knew it was only a form, and that such a jury as would obey the judge would alone be chosen. When, however, Walter was called upon to make the usual answer, he said—and the court was again thrilled by the sound of that clear, sweet voice,—

“My lord, I object to be tried by any but my peers; I claim the right of my rank as Baron de Lisle, and altogether plead against being tried in this court, or by such a jury.”

“No,” said the judge, “a bill of attainder hath been long since passed against you, and you can be tried by no other tribunal than this. Let the jury be sworn, and then let the bill of indictment be read.”

In a few minutes the clerk commenced,—

“The jury present, on the part of our sovereign lady the queen, that Walter De Lisle, born within the kingdom of England, and made and ordained priest by authority derived and pretended from the see of Rome, not holding the fear of God before his eyes, and slighting the laws and statutes of this realm of England, without any regard to the

* See “Life of John Bost, Priest.”

penalty therein contained, on the twenty-fourth day of May, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of our lady the queen, at Paddington, in the county of Middlesex, traitorously, and as a false traitor to our said lady the queen, was and remained, contrary to the form of the statute in such case set forth and provided, and contrary to the peace of our said lady the queen, her crown and dignities."

"Answer, prisoner at the bar, whether guilty or not guilty, and hold up thy hand."

Walter attempted to obey, and to raise his right hand as he proclaimed his innocence; but his arms were so benumbed by the constant racking, that the effort was unavailing, and his hand would have fallen back had not Arthur Leslie, who was standing close beside the bar, leant over, and, taking the hand "so abused for the confession of Christ," he reverently kissed it, and then raised his arm as high as possible.* "Not, guilty," said Walter. "I protest before God and His holy angels, before heaven and earth, before the world and this bar whereat I stand, which is but a small resemblance of the terrible judgment of the next life, that I am not guilty of any fact of any treason whatsoever."

"What!" said the Bishop of London, "wilt thou deny thou art a priest?"

* See "Life of Edmund Campian."

"Oh, my lord," said Walter, looking at him, "surely it becomes not one, bound as you are to forward religion only, to interfere in a cause of life and death."

To this the bishop made no answer; but, turning to the judge, exclaimed, "A bag was found among the prisoner's effects; in it were a Roman breviary and a paper of faculties to hear confessions, and also to say Mass either above or below ground."

"Pray you, my lord," said Walter, "was my name mentioned in this paper you speak of; for if not, it surely is no argument against me?"

"That is nothing to the point," answered the bishop hotly; "say out at once, art thou a priest or no?"

"Suffer me, my lord," answered Walter, "to demand first one question of you: are *you* a priest?"

"No," said the bishop.

"No priest, no bishop," replied Father De Lisle.

"I am a priest," replied the bishop; "but not a massing priest."

"But," returned Walter, "if you are a priest, you are a sacrificing priest, for sacrificing is essential to priesthood; and if you are a sacrificing priest, you are a massing priest, for what other sacrifice have the priests of the new law, as distinct from mere laics, to offer to God, but that of the Eucharist, which we call the Mass? If, then,

you are no massing priest, you are no sacrificing priest; if no sacrificing priest, no priest at all, and consequently no bishop.”*

The bishop moved uneasily in his seat during this address, which was delivered with a sudden burst of eloquence that enforced silence.

“What dost thou mean by this, prisoner?” said the judge; “art thou a priest of Rome, and thus a traitor?”

“I am,” said Walter, “a Catholic priest; ordained by authority from the Pope, who alone has power to send forth priests, but I am no traitor. And according to this law, you would condemn Christ Himself, seeing He also was a priest, according to the order of Melchisadec.”

“This fine language and pleading will avail thee nothing; you will not acknowledge the supremacy of the queen.”

“Not so, my lord,” answered Walter; “I acknowledge Elizabeth my queen in all temporal matters, God be my witness; I have ever prayed for her, and would serve her to the best of my poor powers. I have never incited any one to rebellion against her, but have ever taught and maintained our duty to her as our sovereign.”

“But,” said the judge, “thou wilt not confess her to be the supreme governess of the Church of England?”

* See “Life of William Scot, Priest.”

"No," answered Walter, "for it is contrary to Scripture that any woman can be the head of the Church, seeing that Christ Himself gave that dignity to St. Peter and his successors for ever."

"Tush, tush!" answered the judge; "this is folly. Wilt thou take the oath of supremacy or not?"

"No, my lord."

"Then thou must die."

"My lord, I am ready," said the prisoner; "for it is better to die with a good conscience for the faith of Christ, than to live in this miserable world having denied Him."

"Neither canst thou deny," said the judge, "having heard confessions of both men and women; having offered the damnable idolatry of the Mass, having blessed beads, and carried about *Agnus Dei* and crucifixes. Witnesses are here ready to prove it."

"Nay, my lord," said Walter, "let not men perjure themselves for the sake of shedding my blood. Well do I know that the witnesses waiting here can prove nothing against me; but beforehand I am ready to plead guilty to all of this. But again I say, in the name of all truth and justice, what *treason* is there in exercising the functions of my ministry? seeing that Christ Himself gave power to His priests to forgive sins, as we read in the Holy Gospels, and also to offer

up the Mass—the unbloody sacrifice of His body and blood and for the rest——”

“Enough, enough!” said the judge; “no more of this blasphemous folly. Good master jurors, ye have heard this man condemned out of his own mouth. Ye well know the pestilent rebellions that are fostered by these men, who have presumed, against her Majesty’s express command, to be made priests beyond seas, and to return hither to this country and celebrate Masses, which are strictly prohibited, hindering likewise the people from going to church, and beguiling them with Popish fables. And ye, my good masters, what need that I speak further? ye know your duty, as loyal and loving subjects of Elizabeth our queen (whom God preserve), is to bring in the prisoner guilty of the charges laid against him.”

There was a short silence, and one of the two ladies in the gallery almost gasped for breath as she bent over into the court below. The suspense was not long; the jury of free England in the days of “good Queen Bess” were too well trained to hesitate.

“My lord, we find the prisoner guilty.”

Constance’s eager look was directed to the bar; a smile of celestial joy shone on the pale face of the prisoner, and though Constance could not, Arthur Leslie heard him murmur, “Lord, I thank thee.”

The Recorder of London bent forward and

said,—“Prisoner, thou art a young man; have mercy on thyself, go to church, and thou shalt be pardoned.”*

Walter turned round towards the crowded court. “Good people, I pray you to hearken: if I will go to church I shall be free, how then can I die for *treason*? See ye well, I die for priesthood alone, and for doing that which our Lord Himself commanded, saying, ‘Go teach all nations.’ I returned into this realm for no other purpose than to administer the Sacraments of Christ, and to reclaim to Him such of His sheep as, through ignorance or malice, had strayed from Him. And so it will continue; for this religion, being divine, can never fail, and if you condemn one and put another to death, others will be ready to preach to you the faith of Christ crucified.”

“Silence the prisoner,” said the judge in wrath. “Stand forth, Master De Lisle, for thou art an obstinate recusant, and listen to thy sentence.”

Yes, listen to it, heir of the De Lises, freeborn Englishman, listen to it:

“Thou art guilty of death, for the sole crime of exercising thy priestly office in this free land under this most just and gracious queen.” “In three days from this thou shalt be carried on a hurdle to Tyborne, there hanged, and thy body disem-

* See “Life of William Harrington.”

bowelled and quartered ; and may God have mercy on thy soul ! Amen."

A shudder ran through the court. Many men, as well as women, were in tears.

"Courage, my friend," whispered the ambassadress, as she held the half-fainting Constance in her arms ; "my husband will intercede for him ; one so noble shall not die thus ; he will be saved." Alone in all that multitude there was one unmoved.

"Like a dog as they die at Tyborne, mother," said the boy baron a few years back, leaning on his mother's breast, and she shuddered.

"*Te Deum laudamus : te Dominus confitemur,*" said the hunted priest in joyous accent ; and perchance *one* voice in the heavenly choirs, as they saw the things of earth pass before their gaze, echoed more exultingly,—"*Tu, devicto mortis aculeo, aperuisti credentibus regna cœlorum.*"

Note.—The account of the trial is taken chiefly from those of Edmund Campian, William Scot, and Robert Southwell, priests.

CHAPTER XI.

“If the love of God is in your heart, you can easily understand that to suffer for God is an enjoyment to which all the pleasures of the world cannot even be compared. I assure you there are not in all Salamanca chains or irons enough to prevent me from wishing for more for the love of Him in Whose honour I wear this which appears to you too heavy.”
—ST. IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

CONDEMNED to death! Oh, word of exceeding dread—word that the sick heart of the criminal can hardly realize, even while he shudders with horror! Death, not to the life almost ebbcd out by sickness, but to those through whose veins the free blood courses, and who feel within them the vigour and energy of strength. In Walter’s case, the strong constitution of the De Lisles had triumphed over the sufferings of prison, and health was fast returning. His hands were the greatest sufferers; the right wrist was totally dislocated, and he could only with great difficulty use the left. On his return to prison from court, he was placed in a larger and more commodious cell, in which there were a bedstead, table, and chairs, and writing materials were furnished to him by the jailer. One mark of severity was still retained, by replacing the irons on his legs,—they

could not attempt to put them on the arms already so tortured.

“Nay, nay, my Arthur,” exclaimed Walter, as the former entered the cell with a face expressive of deep affliction, “not thus must you enter the ‘bridegroom’s chamber.’ Bring to me no sad looks, no sighs and tears. Is it not what I have desired—was it not humbly hoping for this end that, by thy good aid, I landed on the Essex coast?”

“But for so short a time,” answered Arthur, “for so few months,—if thou hadst laboured for years;—but to be cut off in thy youth, ere men knew what is in thee——”

“God’s time is the best, my friend,” said Walter; “and surely it was not long that my dear father in Christ, Edmund Campian, was permitted to labour, and yet who left behind so bright a witness? Dear friend and father,” continued Walter, looking up, “shall I soon see thee again, and thy face, on which Heaven shed its light even on earth, radiant in the vision of Jesus? Ah, Arthur, would thou couldst have seen *him*?”

“Yes, he must have been wonderful, when even the Queen’s curiosity was raised to do so.”

“Was it? I never heard that.”

“Oh yes,” said Arthur. “From the Tower, when almost rent asunder with the racking, he was taken before her; she wanted to see the man,

she said, who having made Europe ring with his name, could spurn every hope of life to die a felon's death; and she looked on him and saw one who trembled not at her frown, nor fawned for her smile. Verily it must have been a new sight for her highness."

"May his prayers win for her light and repentance," said Walter. "Now, my Arthur, I must trust to thee to let the faithful know I am about to die, and entreat their prayers for me in my last conflict; and Arthur, dost think it is possible to find a priest who in charity could come to me, now Father Paterson is in Bridewell? I think there must be another in London, since my imprisonment hath been known."

"I will try," answered Arthur. "If one can be found, I will convoy him hither."

"How much have I to thank thee for, my true friend," said Walter. "My poor prayers for you *will* be heard at last, and a reward shall fall on you for your generous devotion."

Arthur did not reply, but going towards the bed on which Walter was lying, he knelt down by the side and hid his face in his hands.

"Is it so in very truth?" said Walter, in a tone thrilling with joy. "Wilt thou, indeed, choose Christ and His Cross for thy portion?"

"Yes, father," he answered, with tears, "the 'almost' is gone. I cast in my lot with Christ

for aye. Hear my confession, Father, and give me to drink of the waters of eternal life."

Towards evening in the same day, Walter lay down to sleep. During the day the cell had been thronged with visitors. The French ambassador came to express his deep sorrow that his intercession for the life of Father De Lisle had proved unavailing, and that it was evident Walter was the object of bitter hatred to some one at court. Many other Catholics came to make their confessions to Walter, and receive his last counsel and blessing; and none ever forgot those words of sweetness and strength. It was remarked afterwards, that none of those who had seen Walter in his last hours ever fell away from the faith.

While Walter slept, another stranger entered the cell; he trod softly, and going up to the bed, bent over the sleeper, and as he gazed, the tears gathered in his eyes. "Is it possible?" he whispered to himself,—“Is this the boy I saw last at the wrestling-match in the college grounds at Rheims, when every eye was on him because of his manly beauty, and the wonderful strength he displayed, and which had been concealed in his slight lithe form?”

Walter's lips moved, and he spoke in his dream, "Not as I, but as Thou;" and in another moment he awoke, and looked up in his

visitor's face. Then came a wondering look of half recognition.

“Is it you, *Basil*?”

“Yes,” answered his friend; “it is Basil Travers.”

Walter was silent for a minute, from deep emotion.

“I fell asleep, praying that if it were His will, a priest might be sent to me, and in answer *you* come. Verily my cup runneth over with consolation.”

On the morning of the following day, Walter was again alone, when the door opened, and the jailer ushered in two ladies closely veiled.

They came forward, and kneeling, entreated the priest's blessing.

“I can hardly raise my hand to give it to you, my daughters,” he answered, smiling, “but I will essay my best: ‘the God of all might strengthen you, and give you courage to serve Him unto the end.’”

One of the visitors now threw back her veil, and Walter recognized Rose Ford.

“Ah, my child, come to bid me farewell. Nay, weep not, there is no cause for sorrow; rather thank God for me. Is your companion also known to me?”

“She desires to remain disguised,” replied Rose; “and I, Father, come hither with a message from my mistress. She hath made great exertions

to procure your pardon, but the difficulties have been many ; at last, however, she has succeeded, and the Queen pardons you."

A shade of deep disappointment passed over Walter's face, and he said in a low tone, as to himself, "I am not worthy ; as Thou wilt in all things."

Then turning again to Rose, he said,—

"Thank the Duchess for me, Rose, for her charity. A pardon I did not expect nor desire. Nevertheless, a longer life will be an opportunity of serving God longer, and making myself more fit to see Him hereafter. Let her not deem me ungracious, Rose ; but thou as a Catholic canst understand that to snatch water from the thirsty, is less painful than to bid back to life's hard battle the soul that longed to be with God."

"But there are conditions to this pardon," said Rose.

"Ha ! of what nature, I pray you ?"

"You must give up exercising all priestly functions, and reside as a simple gentleman either here or abroad ;—if *here*, concealing your faith as far as possible."

Walter's face was radiant again.

"Most happy conditions !" he said, "since they permit me lawfully to refuse this pardon. And, my child, when you thank the Duchess, as you must do for me, most gratefully, for her zeal in

procuring that for me which I cannot accept, try and make her understand how low, how utterly worthless would be the life that is offered on such terms. Forswear my priesthood ! forswear God's greatest, noblest, grandest gift to man ! Does not the soldier die for his glory ? Does not the king die for his crown ? Does not even the merchant die for his gold ? And why should *we* be backward, the soldiers of the Cross, the co-heirs of the kingdom, the stewards of the treasure house ? Tell her, Rose, that the only wisdom is to love Christ, and the only folly to despise Him. Tell her that the longest life without a care, the fairest vision of youth perfectly fulfilled, is not to be compared for one moment to the joy of the prison and the rack, and the looking forward to Tyborne. I choose this last of my own free will, a thousand times ; and she, when she comes to die, will feel, too, the truth of my words. Oh ! that ere that day comes upon her, she may have learnt to know the nothingness of earth, the greatness of eternity ; and may have learned to dare all things to win Christ."

There was a short pause, and both his auditors were weeping.

"I have a favour to ask of the Duchess, Rose ; it is that she will do what she can to comfort and help, after my death, the Lady Beauville. I hear her life has been spared, thanks to God ; she is

yet unconscious ; but when she recovers she will need comfort. Ask your mistress to do what she can for her ; and now I must bid you farewell, my children. Yet stay," and he took from his vest a small and well-worn rosary. "Carry this to the Duchess as my last gift ; it is the rosary of the Seven Dolours of Mary. It has its value, for it belonged to my dear mother, who often bathed it in her tears ; it hath been a consolation likewise to me. It may seem a strange present to the noble and prosperous lady ; nevertheless, when dolour comes on her, as it does one day to all the children of earth, the thought of what the heart of Mary, pierced with that sharp sword, endured, may comfort her. God bless you, my children, and fill you with his benedictions. I beseech your charitable prayers for me."

Rose dropped her veil, and drawing the arm of her companion within her own, they passed from the cell through the long passages into the free air. The lady clung to Rose's arm, and her frame trembled with convulsive sobs. When they reached home, Constance (for it is easy to penetrate her disguise) went to her own room, and remained alone for many hours.

But Walter had yet one visitor to see : once again the door opened, and a woman entered ; she was not veiled, but a large cloak and hood enveloped her tall, gaunt figure. Walter started as

he beheld her; the face was so wan and haggard, and the large eyes glared wildly upon him. She stood still without speaking.

"What can I do for you, my daughter?" said the priest.

She came nearer. "I have come to see my victim, and to let you see your murderess."

Her eyes, fixed on Walter's face, beheld that not a muscle moved. He looked at her with the same compassionate glance.

"I am ignorant how thou hast wronged me; will you tell me, and are you a Catholic?"

"Once, once," she said wildly. "Oh! talk not of that—of those days gone by, to the lost, the perishing!"

"Nay," said Walter, "tell me of them; it will ease thy aching heart, which is breaking 'neath the burden of memory.

"Thou didst dwell once secure in innocence and peace; then sin entered the paradise, and with it misery. See; have I not guessed rightly?"

She was crouching on the ground now and weeping, those agonizing tears which they only shed whose eyes have been dry for many years; and at last, in broken accents, the story came.

Young, lovely, but lowly-born, Maud Felton had become one of the numerous victims of Lord Leicester's vice. Cast off for a newer toy, the favourite gave her over to the care of Eliot. She

would have escaped from him, and soon ended her wretched existence, had not her child been born. Eliot, who desired to keep her as a slave, saw his advantage, used Leicester's name, and told her, that in event of disobedience, the child should be taken from her, and so she dragged on a life of misery. A ray of light had been shed on it by the visits and consolation of Rose Ford, who had accidentally found her out. We know the information that Eliot compelled her to procure from Rose, and the discovery of what she had done, and of the falsity of Eliot's words, had driven her almost frantic.

All this was related to Walter, and she added, "You are already avenged, father. From the hour of your condemnation, my child sickened, and this morning she died."

"Then I shall see her ere you do," answered Walter gently.

"Oh! my poor child, how is it that that deep mother's love of yours, which could not part with her on earth, can consent to part with her for aye?"

A groan of anguish burst from Maud.

"Why not turn now to God, and after leading a life of penance here, rejoin your child in the light of God's kingdom? As for me, reproach not yourself so bitterly. You did not intend to work my death; and it was but a few days sooner.

Eliot would speedily have tracked me; but if you think you have wronged me so much, grant me then a favour that shall cancel the debt."

"I will, father," she said, looking up eagerly; "but what is it possible I can do?"

"*Repent*," said the priest solemnly, "not with the wildness of despair, but with the utter abasement of hope. Seek Rose Ford, tell her you have seen me, and I commend you to her care. She will hide you from Eliot, teach you the new path you are about to enter and bring you to a priest. Wilt promise me this, my child?"

"Oh! call me not that, father," she said, shrinking back; "I—the outcast!"

"Nay," said Walter, "the Gospel tells us that 'when he was yet a great way off his father saw him and had compassion on him.' Are *we* not the faint shadows only of His fatherly heart? Be of good cheer, my daughter, and give me thy promise;" and it *was* given, and Maud quitted the cell.

CHAPTER XII.

"Death, kind angel, watching by,
Gently closed his tranquil eye;
Whilst the free spirit wing'd her flight
From beam to beam of endless light."

"In thy bridal crown display'd,
In thy wedding robe array'd,
Of thy purple life-blood wove,
For the Slain One's feast of love."

LYRA CATHOLICA.

THE evening of the same day had come. Walter was lying down, and Arthur Leslie sat at the table engaged in writing letters from Walter's dictation. They were interrupted by the entrance of the jailer. "I bring thee bad news, Master De Lisle," said he.

"Indeed!" answered Walter, with his usual smile; "let me hear them, friend."

"Thou art to die to-morrow."

"Impossible!" cried Arthur, starting up; "the sentence said three days, and lo, to-morrow is only the second."

"'Tis no fault of mine," returned the man; "but express orders hath come that the execution take place to-morrow."

“’Tis well!” said Walter. “Arthur, hold thy peace for an instant. My friend,” said he to the jailer, “thou hast brought me the joyfullest tidings that ever I heard! At what hour, I pray thee, must I be ready?”

“Thou art to leave this at eight o’clock; and for to-night, sir, whatever indulgence thou dost crave thou shalt have. Most prisoners like to feast the night before they are executed, and to take leave merrily of earth. Wouldst like a flask of wine for thy supper?”

“No, friend,” said Walter; “I am going to *my* feasting, not to leave it.”

“I trust me, good master,” returned the jailer, “thou wilt not forget my poor services; I have been as lenient as mine office permits.”

“Thou hast,” said Walter; “be sure I will not forget thee, and, ere I die, will give thee the best reward I can.”

The jailer left the cell; and as he went along the passage he muttered to himself,—“They are a strange set. How he rejoices to die! Hark, how those wretches who are to die with him howl and rage! Alack, ‘now from the saint I must go to the devils.’”*

“Dear Arthur,” said Walter to his friend, “I desire to pass the night in prayer and vigil; wilt

* “Life of Campian.”

thou ask Father Travers. to come to me, if possible, at sunrise to-morrow?"

"Yes, father," said Arthur; "but I know now why this new order hath come. The Queen takes boat to-morrow from Westminster to Greenwich, and it is designed to draw off the people's attention from Tyborne. I will hasten, however, to let all I can, know of the trick."

"Ah, Arthur," said Walter, laying his hand caressingly upon him, "didst thou but know the joy this news gives me, thou wouldst not be so angry with Walsingham."

But as the night passed on, the calm and happiness that surrounded Walter departed, and as great heaviness and agony overshadowed him: it was often thus with the martyrs, the more to liken them to their Lord. Into such an agony we cannot enter, or attempt to sound its mysterious depths. The early dawn brought with it a comforter, better than an angel. Basil Travers said Mass in Walter's cell, and Arthur served; and thus Walter received his *viaticum*. From that moment peace returned, and, happy as he had always been until the night before, he seemed now filled with a celestial joy.

"Arthur," he said, "thou must be my groom of the chamber to-day, and tire me bravely, seeing my poor hands cannot help themselves. Let me be well apparelled for my bridal day."

At length eight o'clock arrived, and the gaoler came for Walter. The prisoner rose with alacrity, his irons were knocked off, and after giving the gaoler some gold pieces, he passed, accompanied by Basil and Arthur, into the outer court of the prison. The hurdle was ready, and a companion was waiting for Walter. He was one of a gang of notorious highwaymen, wild and ferocious-looking, with an aspect of sullen despair; it was with some difficulty he was bound down with ropes to the hurdle; and then came Walter's turn. He came forward, and making the holy sign, knelt for a moment in prayer, and then, without waiting to be forced or even helped into it, he leapt into the straw, and "composed himself upon it as if he had been riding in triumph."* Many Catholics had gained admission to the prison, and were weeping bitterly. "Why weep ye for me," said Walter, "who am glad at heart of this happy day?"

"Well," said one gaoler to another, as the hurdle moved from the prison, "assuredly this man dies for a good cause!"

Walter was bound to the hurdle by cords passed over his legs only, on account of the already crippled condition of his hands. The prison-gates were opened, and the hurdle, closely

* "Life of John Duckett, Priest."

guarded by pursuivants, made its way into the midst of a vast multitude. Walter raised himself, and blessing the people, exclaimed, "God save you all ; God bless you, and make you all good Catholics !"*

The great multitude swayed to and fro, as the guards beat a passage with their staves, crying "Back, in the Queen's name." As the procession went on, the crowd grew less dense than immediately outside the prison. The windows of the houses on each side were thrown open, and their inhabitants were standing there, some weeping, most gazing with wondering curiosity. At the open window of one large house were collected a remarkable group. The French Ambassador was kneeling forward, near him knelt also his wife, and between her and Rose Ford knelt the Duchess of Bertram, holding in her arms her youngest child, while her eldest was by her side.

No word passed between them and Walter. Reverently they all bowed their heads while the mangled hand of the martyr was raised in benediction.

The first feeling of the idle mob had been rather one of compassion for the victims ; but as this wore off, the spirit of mischief came into play, and some amused themselves by throwing stones and mud

* Edmund Campian.

at the hurdle. It roused Walter's companion, who had hitherto lain still, to utter a volley of fearful oaths and curses, and to attempt to defend himself. This, from having both hands and feet bound, was impossible, and his angry and unavailing writhings diverted the mob so much, that they redoubled their annoyance. A shower of mud covered Walter and his companion, and one ruffian in the crowd getting near the hurdle, spat into Walter's face, exclaiming as he did it, "There's holy water for ye." The man by Walter's side was so excited by this, that making a tremendous effort, he broke the cord that bound his arms, and turned towards Walter to wipe off the insult. Walter cast on him his glance of sweet serenity,—

"Thank ye, my friend, for this kindly office; I need but few more now."

"'Tis a shame to treat thee so," muttered the man; "thou hast done no crime, save refusing to chop and change thy religion at the Queen's will. I like thy courage, for my part. Well, good Father, it is soon over for both of us now, and then we go—thou to Heaven, I to Hell."

Walter, who had been looking earnestly at him, said—

"What is thy name, friend?"

"Ralph Woodbine," answered the man roughly.

"Art thou a Catholic?"

"I have served no God, save the devil, all my life. My mother was Catholic, and my father too, for that matter, in Queen Mary's time; but he changed when Queen Bess came to the crown, and my mother broke her heart and died, because he would bring me up in his fashion."

"And what did he teach thee?"

"Why nothing. Marry, then, what had he to teach? The God he served was to keep his place as steward in the royal buttery, and get rich, and leave his riches to me; and he has lived to see me *here*;" and Ralph laughed hoarsely.

"Ralph," answered Walter, "we are going together to death, let us go together to Heaven."

"Alas! good master, art thou distraught; did I not tell thee I have served the devil well, and am to be hung for my crimes, as I deserve?"

"You have served Satan in life," said Walter, "and it suffices; serve him not in death. Thou hast not forgotten thy mother, and thy childhood, when thou knelt by her side, and heard the holy Mass. She is dead long since, you say, and is with God; I too had a mother who died praying for me; perchance from that sky above us they with God's chosen ones are leaning to see us die! Oh, how mightily they pray for us!" and as he spoke he raised his eyes with a look of such rapt faith and devotion, that one might almost dream, like St. Stephen, he saw heaven open.

“And another mother prays for you, Ralph,” he continued; “*Sancta Maria Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ.*”

The words struck on Ralph’s ear with a strange appealing sound. The tears were falling down his rough hard face. “Alas! Father, I am too great a sinner, there is no repentance for me, a wretch, a villain! No, no; hell gapes for me! I saw it last night in my sleep, and for the first time in my life I knew what fear was; but there is no hope for me.”

“Thou art not a greater sinner,” the priest replied, “than he who hung on the cross by the side of JESUS, or she that washed His feet; thou canst recollect the time when, at thy mother’s knees, thou heardst the tale of mercy? He has said, if thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow. Ralph, thou believest in God, in Christ thy Saviour, and that in His Church He hath left pardon for sins?”

“I believe,” sobbed Ralph; the hard heart was broken in the anguish of that hour, and on that rude death-bed the work of reconciliation went on. The mob pelt them still, and jeer them, as they pass. The hurdle shakes and jolts along the rough road, and up the long Holborn Hill; but they heed not the one, feel not the other—that sinner who sobs out his sins and his repentance;

that priest who for the last time on earth absolves his Master's sheep. Soon, very soon, he must stand before that Master to render his account, and he is winning one more soul to lay before Those Feet.

And now they have reached the top of the hill, and the houses, which have been getting gradually few and straggling, have ceased altogether, and they have reached the Hospital of St. Giles in the Fields, and there, according to an old custom, a cup of wine or ale was offered to the prisoners, "their last refreshment in this life!"* Then, for the first time, did Walter betray some emotion. He gazed on the full cup of good red wine, and the tears came into his eyes, and he refused to drink. Ralph, parched with thirst, drank eagerly, and then urged Walter to do the same, but he would not, and Arthur Leslie knew that his thoughts were of the "gall and vinegar" of his Lord's last cup on earth. A crowd having collected at this place of stoppage, Walter began to speak to them. "Good people, ye know for what cause I am about to die:" but he was rudely checked by the guards, and the hurdle again put in motion.

There will not be any more houses till they reach the little village of Tyborne. On each side of the road now spread the wide green fields and

* Stowe.

the tall trees make a pleasant shade. It was a lovely day ; one of those cloudless days in summer, when hardly a fleecy cloud can be seen in the clear intensely blue sky. The birds carolled gaily past, unmindful and unknowing of cruelty and wrong on earth, and in the fields the little flowers, England's own meadow flowers, rejoiced in their beauty, and sent up their worship to their Creator. And so the long procession reached Tyborne.

It was a sight, in very truth ; the fields immediately surrounding the place of execution were filled with people ; it was one dense mass of heads. Nearer the gallows and scaffold, which were on the edge of the road, were numerous coaches and horsemen. It was roughly computed, afterwards, that of these there were from six to seven hundred, and the crowd of people on foot about twenty thousand. However many people had gone to see the Queen step into her royal barge, there were enough left to be a more numerous body of witnesses than Elizabeth would have desired. Among the horsemen there was one mounted on a dark grey horse, who was determined in his efforts to place himself in good sight of the gallows, and by great perseverance, and many winning words, he succeeded in his purpose. Arthur Leslie, on foot, was close beside the scaffold, he had struggled through the crowd with the strength love ever gives to be near the

loved and suffering. The tall gallows rose grim and dark before the spectators' eyes, but loving hands had endeavoured to rob it of some of its horrors, for it was twined with wreaths of green and summer flowers, and the ground directly around was strewn with green leaves and sweet-smelling herbs. The affectionate hearts who had prepared these tokens were rewarded when they heard of the smile of pleasure which lit up the martyr's face as he perceived them. Close to the gallows stood the scaffold, raised some feet from the ground, and formed of rough planks. The two hangman's assistants were there, holding in their hands the cords for binding the victims, and the long knives for the inhuman butchery which was to ensue. The hangman himself was busy at the gallows. On one side of the scaffold was the Sheriff of the county and some of his officers, together with three or four Protestant ministers, who had come thither with the hope of winning a recantation from Walter, or of preventing any dying words of his having weight with the people. The hurdle stopped: the prisoners were released and led to the scaffold. There was a great hum among the crowd when Walter made his appearance. Despite all he had gone through, there was a majesty and a patrician grace about his tall and noble figure, and though torture and suffering had done their work, there lingered much of

that manly beauty which had gladdened his mother's eye long years before.

"Let the highwayman be put to death first," said the Sheriff; "and perchance, sir, thou by this grievous sight may be led to crave the Queen's grace even now."

"Farewell, then, my son," said Walter, turning to Ralph; and he would have embraced him, had not the latter fallen at his feet and kissed them with many tears.

And now Walter was compelled to witness the horrible spectacle of Ralph's death.

"Make him look at it all," whispered one of the ministers to the sheriff.

No need for such counsel. The priest knew his duty too well, and faltered not; he held up the crucifix before Ralph's eyes, and bade him call on his Lord for patience. The agony was fearful, and shrieks and cries burst from the dying sufferer. Walter prayed earnestly for Ralph and for himself: "Lord, give us grace to endure unto the end."

At length one frightful cry, and then it ended. Upon the poor, panting, bleeding corpse earth could do no more.

"Now, Master De Lisle," said the Sheriff, "'tis thy turn; unless, indeed, thou wilt repent and go to church."

"Nay," said Walter, "better a thousand

deaths than deny Christ. I desire of your favour but a short space to speak to the people."

"No, no," cried the ministers with one voice ; "let him not, Master Sheriff, let him not pervert the people."

The Sheriff was quite willing to forbid it ; but the people were determined to hear the speech,—and the will of a great mob is generally omnipotent,—and so Walter stepped forward and began his address :—

"Good people and dear countrymen, hearken unto me. My religion is the Roman Catholic ; in it I now die, and so fixedly die, that if all the good things in this world were offered me to renounce it, all should not remove me one hair's breadth from my Roman Catholic faith. A Roman Catholic I am ; a Roman Catholic priest I am ; a Roman Catholic priest of that religious order called the Society of JESUS I am ; and I bless God who first called me ; and I bless the hour in which I was first called to these functions. Many that are here present heard my trial, and can testify that nothing was laid to my charge but priesthood : if to be a Catholic priest is to be a traitor, then indeed I am one ; this is the cause for which I die, and for propagating the Catholic faith which is spread through the whole world, taught through all ages from Christ's time, and will be taught for all ages to come. For this

cause I most willingly sacrifice my life, and I look upon it as my greatest happiness that my most good God has chosen me (most unworthy) to this blessed lot, the lot of the saints; I have deserved a worse death; for though I have been a faithful and true subject to my queen, I have been a grievous sinner against God. Thieves and robbers that rob on highways would have served God in a greater perfection than I have done, had they received so many favours and graces from Him as I have. But as there was never sinner who truly repented and called to JESUS for mercy, to whom He did not show mercy, so I hope, by the merits of His passion, He will have mercy on me, who am heartily sorry that I ever offended Him. Whomsoever, present or absent, I have ever offended, I humbly desire them to forgive me; as for my enemies, I freely forgive them all, and singularly, and especially all who have thirsted after my blood. I wish their souls so well that, were it in my power, I would seat them seraphim in heaven. And I beg of the goodness of my God, with all the fervour I am able, and most humbly entreat Him that He would drive from you that are Protestants the darkness of error, and enlighten your minds with the rays of truth; and to you who are Catholics I say, fear God, honour your queen, be firm in your faith; avoid mortal sin by frequenting the sacraments of Holy Church;

patiently bear your afflictions and persecutions; forgive your enemies; your sufferings are great; I say be firm in your faith to the end, yea, even to death; then shall you heap unto yourselves celestial treasures in the heavenly Jerusalem, where no thief robbeth, no moth eateth, and no rust consumeth. Bear me witness, all my hearers, that I profess all the articles of the Roman Catholic faith in that Church, one, holy, catholic, and apostolic; that Church which is to continue to the consummation of the world: whatever that Church of God hath by revelation from Him, whatever that Church hath taught me and commanded me to believe, I believe it to an *iota*. And as to what is said of Catholics having dispensations for lying, perjury, killing kings, and other the most enormous crimes, I declare it is a most wicked and malicious calumny cast upon us.”*

“Cease, cease, Master De Lisle,” said the Sheriff, “time presses, and it is enough; prepare to die.”

Walter turned from the edge of the scaffold, and was about to pray. One of the ministers came forward—

“Good brother, repent thee of thy errors, and let me pray with thee for mercy on thy misguided soul.”

* The words of this speech are historical.

Walter looked at him, saying gently,—

“My friend, you and I are not one in religion, wherefore I pray you content yourself. I bar none of prayer, only I desire them of the household of faith to pray with me, and in my agony to say one creed.”*

“Then,” replied the minister, rudely, “if thou prayest at all, pray in English, and not in an unknown tongue.”

“I will pray,” replied Walter gently, “in a language I well understand.”

“Misguided man,” said another minister, “we bid thee pray as Christ taught.”

An involuntary smile passed over Walter’s face.

“What! do you think Christ taught in English?”

“Pray for the Queen,” said the Sheriff, sternly.

“I have and do,” said Walter.

“But do you pray for *Elizabeth*, the queen?” said the Sheriff.

“Yea,” answered Walter, “for Elizabeth, your queen and my queen. I now at this instant pray my Lord God to make her His servant in this life, and after this life co-heir with Jesus Christ.”

And then there was silence, such a silence as there could be amidst an eager multitude; and the executioners adjusted the rope, and sharpened

* Edmund Campian.

their knives; and Walter prayed with closed eyes, and hands crossed on his breast. He opened his eyes at length, and earnestly looked among the crowd, till they rested on the rider of the dark grey horse; then he bowed his head down low, and at the same moment the rider raised his hand and the last absolution fell on the soul of the martyr.

The hangman now came up, and kneeling down, implored pardon for the deed he was about to end.

"Most willingly do I forgive thee," said Walter, giving him some pieces of gold he had brought with him for the purpose.

The man began to take off the upper garments of the priest; and while he did so Walter cast one glance round on the world he was about to leave. On one hand stretched the large forest of St. John, which covered the country in the direction of Edgeware, and its tall trees waved proudly in the summer light. Towards Paddington the country was more bare, and like a little distant speck was that lone farm-house where Walter said his last Mass.* On the other side the smooth green meadows sloped down towards the river, and far off were seen the oxen quietly grazing.

* It is a fact that at a later period, in a lonely farm-house at Paddington, Mass was said in secret; we have ventured to suppose it existed at the time of our tale.

Farther in the distance the silver Thames rippled in the sunlight, and the glorious Abbey of Westminster stood out clearly in its beauty. One glance around, and one other into the clear blue sky, and then the hangman came near to put the rope round the priest's neck ; and Walter took hold of it and kissed it, and then put it on his shoulders, saying, "Behold the last stole of my priesthood." He closed his eyes, and clasping his hands, he said, *In manus tuas Domine commendo spiritum meum*. The rope was drawn tight, and the plank on which he stood withdrawn from under his feet ; but the very next instant the Sheriff gave a sign, and though the people cried eagerly "hold, hold," the rope was cut, and Walter dropped on the scaffold insensible, but not dead. Hastily they stripped him, and then began that scene of butchery which would have disgraced a heathen nation, and which we shrink from describing ; nevertheless, as was beautifully said in speaking of the sufferings of martyrs in the olden times, "what *they endured we may bear to hear of*." The design was to cut open the body till they found the heart. They literally began to cut him in pieces ; groans and sobs were heard on all sides, and many tears were shed, and some of the senseless rabble yelled and howled like brute beasts ; the executioners growing timid, did their work badly, and cut and stabbed, scarce knowing what they were

about. The first incision of the knives had woke Walter to full consciousness; the executioners flew upon him to bind him down: there was no need, he lay perfectly still; the sweat gathered in heavy drops upon his brow, and as the agony increased, from his mouth, eyes, and nose ran down blood and water;* but there was neither groan nor cry from those lips. They spoke, indeed, but it was one word only, "JESU, JESU, be to me a JESU." The work was accomplished, and the quivering heart was torn from its place and held before the fast glazing eyes, and then placed on a spear and shown to the howling multitude. "Oh JESU, JESU," said the martyr once again, "I come to Thee, O sweet JESU;" and with these words the spirit was set free.

Then the head of the martyr was struck from his body, and in doing so the clumsy hangman let his axe first fall on the arm, and severed from it the right hand; it rolled over the scaffold, and was instantly perceived by Arthur Leslie, who contrived to take it up and conceal it.† But the body of Walter was not, as usual with others, quartered and placed on London-bridge; Lord Beauville had no wish to be thus reminded of his kinsman; and so the remains were hastily thrown into a cart,

* "Life of Hugh Green, Priest."

† The hand of Father Arrowsmith has been carefully preserved until the present day.

and interred within the precincts of Newgate, as they would have buried a dog, without chant or prayer. So they deemed; but perchance their ears were too dull to hear sweet alleluias, and their eyes too blind to see angelic forms lay him softly in his grave, and kiss those limbs twice consecrated, once with the unction of the priesthood and again with the martyr's blood. He sleeps there, the last of his line,—not as his fathers do, 'neath sculptured altar tombs, with their deeds inscribed in marble,—it matters not; for them they sang the Mass and chanted the Requiem, and gave abundant alms that the soul might rest in peace. No need of these for him. The white robes gleam in heaven with radiant brightness, for another is among their throng, and the martyrs wave their palms triumphantly, for another mortal hand grasps his and is crowned with them.

Hush, ye mourners by the scaffold of Tyborne, weep not so bitterly; the blood is dripping truly, and the green earth of England sucks it in; but look up, ye that weep for your father,—look up and listen, there is “a sound of harpers harping with their harps.”

Note.—“He reconciled, in the very act, one of the malefactors that were executed with him.”—*Life of Father Heath, O.S.F.*

“When they arrived at Tyborne they found the gibbet beautifully adorned with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and the ground all covered with odoriferous herbs and greens.”—*Life of Thomas Maxwell, Priest.*

The instances of the martyrs surviving and speaking, after the heart had been extracted, are numerous.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Then, with slow reverent step
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days
Thou must depart.

“And, leaving all behind,
Come forth, alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.”

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

It was over, and the pent-up hearts of the mourners had leisure to pour out their griefs; but their sorrow had a soothing character: the loss to them was bitter, but the gain to him how great! When they recalled to mind each step of his weary pilgrimage, and then considered the end was reached—the victory won—they could not but rejoice, and turned away from Tyborne resolved to suffer manfully and follow on in the way he had gone. To Arthur Leslie fell the task of delivering the letters that Walter had written from prison; most of them had, indeed, been written by Arthur himself, at Walter's dictation, but the trembling signature of the tortured hand of the martyr was there to enhance their value in the eyes of the recipients. These letters were three in number: one to Father

Mordaunt, another to Sir Robert, and the third to Blanche and Mary. The one addressed to Sir Robert Thoresby was as follows :—

“ MY DEAREST UNCLE,

“ After many conflicts, mixed with spiritual consolations and Christian comforts, it hath pleased God, of His infinite mercy, to call me out of this vale of misery. To Him, therefore, for all His benefits at all times and for ever be all praise and glory. The tender care you have had for me, I trust in heaven shall be rewarded. I am advertised that I am to end the course of this life ; God grant I may do it in imitation of the servants of God, and may say joyfully with St. Andrew, rising from the hurdle, *Salve sancta crux*. Innocency is my only comfort against all the forged villany which is fathered on my fellow priests and me. Well, when by the high Judge, God Himself, this false vizard of treason shall be removed from Catholic men’s faces, then shall it appear who they be that carry a well-meaning and who an evil, murdering mind ; in the mean season, God forgive all injustice ; and if it be His blessed will to convert our persecutors, that they may become professors of His truth. Prayers for my soul procure for me, my loving kinsman ; and so having great need to prepare myself for God, never greater in mind, nor less troubled towards

God, binding up all my iniquities in His precious wounds, I bid you farewell; yea, and once again, the lovingest uncle that ever kinsman had in this world, farewell.

“God grant us both His grace and blessing until the end, that living in His fear, and dying in His favour, we may enjoy one the other for ever.

“Your good Nephew,

“WALTER DE LISLE, Priest.”*

To Father Mordaunt he wrote:—

“MOST REVEREND AND MOST DEAR FATHER,

“As in duty I am bound never to forget you, who have ever had so tender and fatherly care of me, so now, especially, I must in no ways omit to write to you, being the last time I must salute you; for, unworthy though I be, I am to end my days in the just quarrel of my Lord and Master, Christ JESU.

“Alas, Father! what other thing can I desire than to suffer with Christ, to be reproached with Christ, to be crucified with Christ, to die a thousand deaths that I may live for ever with Christ? for if it be the glory of a soldier to be made like his lord, God forbid I should glory in anything but the cross of my crucified Lord. My greatest desire is to suffer; and I would I had as many

* Challoner.

lives to offer as I have committed sins. Dear Father, prepare yourself always to suffer, and animate your spiritual children. God give me strength and courage, and make me glorify His glorious name by my death. Let me, therefore, dear Father, be made partaker of your good prayers; and say, I beseech you, and procure others to say, some masses for my sinful soul. Commend me to all our most dear fathers and brothers of the Society of Christ my JESUS, in whose prayers, labours, and sacrifices as I have a share, so have I a great confidence. I have comfort in Christ JESU and his Blessed Mother, my good Angel, and all the Blessed Saints; and I have much comfort in the valiant and triumphant martyrs that are gone before me, and I do trust much in their good prayers.

“Once again, adieu! I take my last leave of you, and commit you to Christ JESU.

“Your poor debtor and Son,

“WALTER DE LISLE, Priest.”*

The last was addressed to Blanche and to Mary:—

“MOST DEAR AND LOVING CHILDREN IN OUR
LORD,—

“Be of good courage; hereafter, at the pleasure of God, we shall meet in heaven; do not then

* Challoner.

weep, do not lament, do not take heavily my honourable death. Know you not that we are born once to die, and that always in this life we may not live?—know you not how vain, how wicked, how inconstant, how miserable this life of ours is?—do you not consider my calling, my estate, my profession?—do not you remember that I am going to a place of all felicity and pleasure? Why then should you weep, or mourn, or cry out? But, perhaps, you will say, ‘We weep not so much for your death as we do for that you are hanged, drawn and quartered.’ Dear children, it is the favourablest, honourablest, and happiest death that ever could have chanced unto me. I die not for knavery, but for verity; I die not for treason, but for religion; I die not for any ill-demeanour or offence committed, but only for my faith, for my conscience, for my priesthood, for my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ. We are not made to eat, drink, sleep, to go bravely, to feed daintily, to live in this wretched vale continually; but to serve God, to please God, to fear God, and to keep His commandments, which, when we cannot be suffered to do, then rather must we choose to lose our lives than to desire our lives. Be of good cheer then, my most loving children, and cease from weeping; for would you not be glad to see me a bishop, a king, or an emperor? How glad then may you be to

see me a martyr, a saint, a most glorious and bright star in heaven! My sins are great, I confess, but I flee to God's mercy; my negligences are without number, I grant, but I appeal to my Redeemer's clemency; I have no boldness but in His blood, His bitter passion is my only consolation. It is comfortable that the prophet has recorded that '*He hath written us in His hands.*' Oh, that He would vouchsafe to write Himself in our hearts. All that dulls me has been delay of my death; it was not without cause that our Master said Himself '*Quod facis fac cito;*' for I had hoped ere this, casting off the body of this death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Saviour, sitting on the throne of His Father's own glory. Commend me to all my spiritual children, wheresoever they are now sorrowing; remind them that the joy of this life is nothing, and the joy of the after-life is everlasting. It is said, on Friday next I shall be passible; God grant me humility, that, following His footsteps, I may obtain the victory. God comfort you, my children; Jesus save your souls, and send you to His glory.

"Farewell, farewell ten thousand times!

"Your loving Father in the Lord,

"WALTER DE LISLE, Priest."*

* Challoner.

There was, indeed, a fourth letter, written altogether by Walter himself, at many intervals, and at the cost of much agony. No eye save his own saw its contents; he sealed it and addressed it to the Countess of Beauville. But Isabel was unable to read the letter of her dead brother. Her life had for weeks hung on a thread, but on the day of Walter's condemnation the fever abated; then followed a fearful exhaustion, and at length, gradually, strength seemed to return. For weeks she had never spoken, save in ravings, and her state had alternated between delirium and stupor. Now Rachel, and Rose, and Constance, who watched by her, waited anxiously for the moment when strength should bring consciousness, and consciousness memory, and the hideous past should gleam before her eyes. But Isabel woke again to life, but not to reason. When she spoke, it was to talk of the days of her childhood, and she became amused by each passing trifle, as an infant. The past was one great oblivion—the physician gave it as his opinion that reason would return, if ever, only shortly before death, and that she would probably recover much of her strength, and might live for years. This latter point decided, Constance hesitated no longer to take a step, which was truly a taking up of her cross and confessing Christ. In the chapel of the French embassy, with no witness save her loving Rose,

Constance was received into the One Church. On her return home she told her husband. For a long time simple and unfeigned astonishment so filled the Duke's mind that he could not entertain any other idea. That Constance, his young and lovely wife, surrounded by all that could make life pleasant, should deliberately throw away all for religion's sake, was to him simply incomprehensible. If she had been brought up a Catholic and kept to her faith, though that for his part he could not understand, still it would be more reasonable; but to adopt it, save only when it was the Sovereign's creed, and so a way to advancement, was incredible. He tried all his arguments, and Constance answered them in the same strain as St. Philip Neri's *What then?* and each answer puzzled the Duke more and more; and at last, weeping like a child, he reminded his wife that he had no power to shield her from the Queen's sentence, whatever it might be. Constance knew it well, and she knew too, as every Englishwoman did, that her beauty, and fidelity to her husband, and her freedom from the least taint of scandal, were not likely to advantage her in Elizabeth's eyes. The royal sentence on the Duchess was banishment from her husband's house, to retire on a small allowance (the amount of which Elizabeth herself would fix), and never on any account again to see her children. They

should run no chance of being taught their mother's religion, and the Queen appointed the Lady Fortescue, an elderly kinswoman of the Bertram family, and a bigoted Protestant, to bring up the children. In three days Constance must part with them. Alas! how the hours fled counted by the mother's aching heart; how fondly she watched over them, and how she strove gently to prepare them for a separation from her.

"But if we go away, you will soon come, mother?" said Lady Mary; and Constance said "she hoped so."

Alas! what death-like hopes.

"I will teach thee one prayer, my little Mary," said Constance, fondly, "which thou shalt say each night; and when Harry grows older, thou shalt teach him too, but not till he is old enough to know that it is a secret—mother's secret, which you must tell no one."

And Mary with a look of great importance promised; and she repeated after her mother the words of the "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, JESUS. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen."

A shadow of awe gathered on her childish face. "I will never forget it, mother, and say it every night when I think of you, before I go to sleep."

The day of parting came at last, and Lady Fortescue, stern, cold, and harsh, arrived, to receive the children; and when Constance, with bursting heart, would have given her some of the counsels respecting them, which a mother's heart alone can give, she was repulsed by—

“Pardon me, your Grace, the mother who can forsake her children, is one who can meet with no sympathy from me.”

And Constance turned away to hold her children for the last time in her arms. Her little lovely Mary, just six years old, and her noble boy of three, with his large starlike eyes, and his playful ways, and a wisdom beyond his years—they cling to her neck and cover her with kisses, and cry and sob with all their childish misery at parting; but she knows well this will pass, and they will be taught to forget and despise the mother who loves them so wildly. She knows it, and she bears it all, and her heart is rent and broken within her. It is *her* torture-chamber and *her* racking. And now the desolate future lay before Constance; and in the midst of her agony, as before in her joys, she was thoughtful for others. She saw that Rachel's strength was rapidly giving way from the great strain on both body and mind, attendant on Isabel's long illness, and her present trying state; and Constance knew that Rachel's one prayer was that she might

live to see Isabel recover even an hour's consciousness, and be reconciled to her God. Constance thought also of Rose and her future; for Rose's parents were dead, and her brothers scattered.

The Duchess proposed to her brother that he should commit to her the care of his afflicted wife, and that they should together seek a refuge in France or Belgium. They would there be free from molestation, and the entire change of air and scene might possibly tend to restore Isabel's mind. The Earl gladly consented. His wish now was to obtain a divorce, and by a second marriage perpetuate his family, and, in his burning indignation against his sister, he desired to persuade the Duke of Bertram to follow his example. But this the Duke, sorely afflicted, refused to do. Nothing could, however, suit the Earl's plans better than the exile of Constance and Isabel, and he facilitated their speedy departure. They left London in the direction of Apswell, but turning sharply away when within a few miles of that place, they travelled the same road over which, eleven years before, Walter De Lisle had passed in his hasty flight. A small vessel was in waiting, and the party embarked. Isabel was laid on cushions on the deck, and she laughed with childish glee at the foaming waves and the ropes and sails, while Rachel sat beside her, with the tears rolling down her face. The

proud Isabel, with her haughty intellect and her indomitable will, and this was the end ! Rose, too, sat still and wept, and by her side sat a tall, thin woman, on whose pale cheeks there burned one spot of red, and whose sunken eyes were glassy and bright, and who looked on the receding shore with no glance of sorrow or regret. The tears rolled, indeed, down her cheeks, but they came from a sorrow within—it was easy to see they were the constant tears of a penitent. There were no tears on Constance's face. She stood gazing at the white cliffs of England, as they grew dim in the distance. From the land where her children dwelt she raised her eyes to the clear sky above, and as she thought of the Love to which even a *mother's* is as a vain shadow, her bruised heart was still.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Now the heavy day is done,
Home awaits thee, wearied one.”

FELICIA HEMANS.

“I am footsore and very weary,
But I travel to meet a friend:
The way is long and dreary,
But I know that it soon must end.

“Like a dream all my toil will vanish,
When I lay my head on his breast;
But the journey is very weary,
And he only can give me rest!”

ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

MANY years have passed away, and we may cast one glance round upon the different characters in whose joys and sorrows we have taken some interest, and linger for a moment longer upon spots which have been associated with these events.

To an old, quaint town in Belgium we must bend our steps. Threading our way along the narrow streets where the houses almost meet overhead, we come at last to a curious pile of buildings—a long, low house on each side, and an old Gothic church in the middle. It is the Convent and Hospital of the Dames of St. Augustine, who break their cloister only to attend upon the sick and dying. The church is open to all comers;

so we will open the door and walk in. It is a beautiful church, and from the glare of the summer's day there is coolness and refreshment in the shade of those long aisles and shadowy roof, and the sunlight falls through the stained glass in gorgeous hues upon the stone floor. In the portion set apart for the religious several nuns are kneeling in prayer. They wear the habit and scapular of white serge, the leathern belt, and straight black veil, which mark the daughters of St. Austin.

In the outer part of the chapel there hangs upon the wall a large and celebrated painting: it is of the "Mater Dolorosa." Before the picture is kneeling a lady dressed in black, and those who are in the habit of frequenting the church bear witness how constantly through the day that same slight figure is seen kneeling there, and those eyes, which are so often swollen with weeping, gaze long and lovingly on the face of Her who cried, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" And those who knew Constance said afterwards that she told them she could think only of *one* of those seven sorrows which grieved the heart of Mary, and it was the three days' loss, when His mother "sought him sorrowing." But on this day, while Constance knelt absorbed in prayer, a side-door opened, and a nun entered, and beneath the habit of the Religious might be recog-

nized the sweet features of Rose Ford. She bent for a few moments in earnest prayer; then, approaching Constance, beckoned her from the church. When they were outside, she said, "There is a change;" and without another word they hastened to a large room in the hospital, in which Isabel was lying. For ten years had she lingered in darkness of mind, and, until the last few weeks, in the same state in which she had left England. She had not even missed Rachel, who, a few months after their arrival, died, literally of exhaustion and sorrow, blessing God that He had brought her to die within the shadow of His house, and with the strength of His sacraments, and praying with her last breath for the child of her love and devotion.

Beside Rachel's grave there was another, unmarked, save by a little cross; and the good nuns of the convent often prayed beside it, and mingled tears with their prayers, for they said that though she who rested there had been unable to speak their language, they knew assuredly her fervent penance had won favour with God, and if they prayed for her according to her last earnest message to them, she would plead for them before God's face.

Shortly after Rachel's death, Rose entered the convent, and received the habit of the order, and in due time was professed. She was, however,

constantly sent, as well as other of the Religious, to assist Constance in the care of Lady Beauville. But latterly Isabel's strength had suddenly given way, without any apparent cause, and the physician declared death was at hand, and, with an intensity of anxiety, the watchers waited for some sign of reason, and fervent were the prayers that went up that this boon might be granted.

On each side of the bed knelt a nun, and a physician was standing near, while in one corner knelt Father Louis, the almoner of the hospital. There was a change on the sufferer's face, and she turned restlessly from side to side. She fixed her eyes on Constance as she entered.

"Constance, is it you?"

Constance bent over her. "Dearest, I am here. I see all, I know all," she murmured. "Forgive me, ere I die."

And Father Louis came near, and she said,— "Father, bless me, for I have sinned deeply. Is there hope for me, Father?"

And Father Louis answered,— "'He that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.'"

And the watchers withdrew, and the room was closed to all save the priest and the dying penitent. And then they were recalled, and the last rites of the Church took place, and Isabel made her last communion. After that she spoke but little, but those words were treasured up after-

wards, for in them lay hid a depth of penitence, and of self-abasement, and of the childlike faith that clung to forgiveness in the Precious Blood.

She looked at Constance, and she blessed her for her long years of patient devotion. "Thou hast comforted me, my sister, and God will comfort thee in thy last hour." The night came, she fell into a gentle sleep, and awoke in her death-agony. It was not long, but sharp; but the prayers of holy Church went up with might, and at last peace came.

"Mother!" she cried, looking upwards, "do I see you at last. Mother and Walter—how beautiful, oh, how glorious——"

And Constance's eyes also looked upward, for she, too, almost fancied she saw angelic forms, and for a moment she murmured, "Lord, take me home, also." But only for a moment, and then the humble, patient spirit turned again to her task on earth, to watch, to wait, to pray.

Within a year of their arrival in Belgium, Lord Beauville procured a divorce, and immediately afterwards married again. The next news that came to Constance was, that her darling boy, the little Marquis of Moreton, was dead. In the midst of his childish glee, while riding on a pony in the park of Bertram Castle, the pony stumbled, threw the child, his head struck against the root of a tree, and he was taken up dead. Poor Con-

stance ! when the first burst of the mother's agony was over, while she pictured to herself those golden curls lying stiff in the coldness of death, and those merry blue eyes closed for ever, became comforted, and thanked God for thus taking one of her darlings safe in his innocence to the country where there are no more partings; but her anxiety for her remaining child grew keener, and increased when she received the news of her own divorce, which the Duke, after the death of his heir, was induced to seek, and afterwards that of his marriage to Mistress Elizabeth Fortescue, a woman of the same nature as her mother,—stern, implacable, and bigoted. But there was no help on earth, and Constance prayed on. Years passed from the time of Isabel's death, and Constance spent her time between prayer and good deeds. From the feet of the Mother of Sorrows, where she poured out her aching heart, she went to comfort the afflicted, to bind up the broken-hearted. All in sorrow, all in sickness, all in suffering, knew her well. "The pale English lady," was the title the Belgians gave her. She was kind to all; but when, as it sometimes happened, refugees from England came for shelter, her sympathy poured itself forth upon them with infinite tenderness. The sick valued the touch of her cool hand, and the sound of her soft voice. The sorrowful raised their heads as they looked

at her, bearing her bitter trials so meekly ; priests, who were venturing on the English mission, came to see her to beseech her prayers ; for in their might, before God's throne, they had great faith. The Religious, also, of the convent, when in trouble or distress, were wont to ask their superioress's leave to beg the English lady to pray for them ; but of all who loved her, and she loved, the dearest were the little children.

They flocked round her when she went forth ; and she could enter into their gambols, and soothe their childish sorrows with a mother's care. She was not wont to say much, but her few words of counsel sank into their hearts, and checked many a hasty word or foolish action. In such deeds her calm life passed away ; and gradually her step grew feebler, and a hollow cough shook her frame, and Sister Mary of the Cross (which was Rose Ford's name in religion) saw plainly that for her, too, rest was coming.

At last she could not go beyond the convent walls, and then she grew weaker still, and could no longer leave her chamber. It was a peaceful room that of Constance's ; the windows looked into the convent garden, with its bright flowers and shady trees, and one transept of the church was in view ; and Constance lay on her couch, and gazed on the fair things His hand had made, and thought of the time when she, too, had

played among the flowers, blithe as the birds that flew past the window ; and she remembered what she was, stricken and suffering, with death near, and she rejoiced.

It was on such a day that two persons might be seen passing through the streets, and inquiring anxiously for the Augustinian Convent ; one was a tall and handsome Frenchman, and he bent with tender care over a young lady who clung to his arm, and whose fair complexion and sunny hair marked her at once as having English blood. They paused before the door of the convent, and the lady cast an eager glance on the grey walls.

“ Does an English lady reside here ? ” said the gentleman to the portress.

The woman answered him by bursting into tears.

“ Oh, is she dead ? ” cried the lady in a tone of agony.

“ No, no, Madame ; but near to death. You had better see Mother Prioress.”

They were shown into the parlour, and an aged nun, the Prioress of the convent, entered.

“ You ask for the Duchess of Bertram,” she said ; “ she is very ill ; and few, indeed, are they whom we can allow to see her ; ” but she glanced at the lady : “ you are English, and that has ever a claim upon her.” And then the nun started. “ Madame is a kinswoman of our dear and noble lady ? ”

"Reverend mother," said the lady, going forward, "I am her child."

Sister Mary of the Cross went gently into Constance's room; she sat, as we have said, gazing on the fair scene, and then on a crucifix she held in her hand. The nun knelt down by her side.

"Has she come, my sister?" said Constance gently. "Yes, I know all; that Mother's Heart has heard my prayer, and I shall see my child ere I die."

And for the few last days of Constance's life, she was watched and tended by a daughter's love.

Mary Bertram's was a strange history; her childhood had been an unhappy one; her step-mother was stern and unloving, and treated the child with undue severity. It tended, however, to keep alive in her mind a tender remembrance of the mother's fondness she dimly remembered. She never forgot the prayer she had been taught, and she cherished an intense desire to know more of the religion for which her mother was banished. When she grew up, and made her appearance in the world, she was taken notice of by the French ambassadress, who remembered Constance, and who, from political reasons, was high in favour at court. By her Mary was instructed in the faith, and by her means a marriage was arranged with the Marquis de Coucy, who had been attached to the embassy, but who, on

his marriage, would return to France. Mary was one to inspire ardent affection, and he was as eager to grant as she to ask, that their first act should be to visit Belgium, and see the mother from whom she had been so long parted.

So thus it came to pass that Constance first saw her beloved child received into the Catholic Church, and left her the wife of a Catholic. All earthly sorrows and cares were over ; and leaning on Mary's bosom and holding Rose's hand, she not long after passed to her home.

At the same hour, in a royal palace, there was another death-scene, and the sufferer sat upon the ground in sullen despair, and "dared not" die in her bed.*

Long ere this Basil Travers and Arthur Leslie (who became a priest) had gained the martyr's crown, and, in their turn, "gone to Tyborne."

And Thoresby Hall. We must not forget one look at that and its inhabitants, and what they have been doing these long fifteen years. Good Sir Robert sleeps with his father, and Sir Henry Thoresby rules the hall. Blanche, too, has long since gone to her reward ; and Mary and Clinton reside at their manor of Northwolds, near Colchester. Sir Henry has married, and little merry voices wake the echoes in Northwolds and in Thoresby Hall, and childish feet patter up and

• Lingard.

down the stairs, and childish minds wonder much why the large tapestry chamber at Thoresby is kept so sacred, and never used save by the priests.

Three hundred years are past and gone ! The last of the Tudors and the last of the Stuarts alike crumble into dust. A new dynasty holds the sceptre of England, and a queen, with all a woman's virtues, sits upon the throne. The rack and the torture-chamber are things of the past, and the savage laws of Elizabeth can be found only in some obsolete statute-book. Men walk abroad in safety, for England is free !

Still fondly do we linger over the traces where our martyrs suffered and our confessors endured. Still stands Thoresby Hall : its walls are grey and the ivy clings lovingly to them. Though still the property, it is no longer the habitation of the noble line. The pressure of fines removed, they have grown wealthy, and a more stately house has arisen for their home, and their honoured name is on the rolls of England's nobility. There has been no stain on the history of their house. No apostate has ever been reckoned among their ancestry ; and in Thoresby Hall, though the daily sacrifice was oft suspended, and the faithful worshipped in fear ; still, never, through these long three hundred years has the sound of alien worship, of mutilated rites, or of

false doctrine, been heard within its walls. The chapel now was the chapel then; small and not richly adorned, yet breathing the odour of a changeless faith, of an abiding presence. And the lime-trees send forth their sweet fragrance in the moonlight, while other lovers perchance plight their vows; and on the grassy slopes the sunlight shines. Go visit Thoresby Hall, as we erewhile did, on some summer day, when the scorching glare of the sun is almost blinding, and yet round Thoresby there breathes the air of coolness and repose. Go and look at the "hiding-hole" where Walter De Lisle once lay and prayed. Look round the garden and mark the rose-trees bending to the earth with their luxuriant weight, and feel as we did that over Thoresby Hall there breathes a "perpetual benediction."

And what of Tyborne? Three hundred years are past and gone, and the tall trees are cut down, and tall houses have risen in their stead. A wilderness of houses, and the once muddy broken road is smoothly paved, and the green fields are laid out into Hyde Park, and the rush of gay carriages, and gayer ladies pass by, without a single thought, the place where many won the martyr's palm. How few know the spot where close beside the Marble Arch there stands a little milestone to tell where Tyborne stood. Its name serves now to mark a fashionable quarter of town, and there are none who, like the

Catholic Queen,* kneel at the spot and water it with their tears. It is hard, indeed, to stand there, in the midst of bustling, rich, gay London, and recall the scenes such as we have dwelt upon in these pages; and yet Tyborne should not be forgotten; its witness pleaded to Heaven, and it pleads still, more powerful than man's weapons, more availing than his strong words; for

“God knows it is not force nor might,
Not brave nor warlike band,
Not shield and spear, not dint of sworde,
That must convert the land;
It is the blood of martyrs shed,
It is that noble traine
That fight with word and not with sworde,
And Christ their capitaine.”†

* Henrietta Maria.

† Poem on Father Campian's death, published at the time.

THE END.

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